The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 84. Vol. XIV. SEPTEMBER, 1898. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that in all probability Mr. Hall Caine's next novel will be published in shilling parts. This is the old method of Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, and is, of course, profitable, although the sacrifice involved in giving up the serial rights in England and America is very considerable. The title thought of at present for the story is, we believe, "The Drunkard."

Mr. Anthony Hope has just finished a novel which is devoted to a very delicate and penetrating study of Disraeli. It will be anticipated with great interest, and is a new development in the novelist's career.

Mr. Crockett's new story, "The Red Axe," which has appeared serially in the *Graphic*, has been exceedingly popular in its periodical form, and has led to fresh demands on the author from enterprising editors. It will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., who, we understand, have secured four of Mr. Crockett's books. It was in January, according to recent arrangements, Mr. Crockett was to have three serial stories running simultaneously, in the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the *Christian World*. It is possible, however, that the publication in the *Cornhill Magazine* will be postponed.

Messrs. Pearson will publish in October a threepenny magazine entitled the *Royal*. We believe we are correct in saying that this is not a speculation of Mr. Pearson or of the company with which he is connected. £50,000 have been put into the venture by an outside capitalist, whose name is not disclosed. Some will have it that he is a very well-known magazine and newspaper proprietor. The reference is not to Sir George Newnes.

Messrs. Bliss and Sands have dissolved partnership. The business will be carried on by Mr. Sands under the title Sands and Co. Mr. Bliss goes to occupy an important position in the house of Mr. Murray.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have nearly ready the life of Dr. Dale of Birmingham, by his son, Mr. A. W. W. Dale, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. It makes a large and important book, and there is much new light thrown on the career of the famous Birmingham preacher.

Another biography of much interest to be published by the same firm is the life of Principal Reynolds of Cheshunt. Principal Reynolds was a fellow student and intimate friend of the late Mr. R. H. Hutton, and his correspondence contains many personal references of interest to the leading men of the time. He was elected a member of the Athenæum Club, but did not take up his election.

A book of great importance to New Testament students, by Professor W. M. Ramsay, will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in October, under the title "Was Christ Born at Bethlehem?" It will contain a thorough discussion of the credibility of St. Luke.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish the Duchess of Leeds' new volume of stories under the title "Capriccios."

Principal Fairbairn's important new work, "The Person of Christ and the Philosophy of Religion," will be published during the autumn season by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Professor George Adam Smith has made good progress with his life of Professor Drummond, which will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton before Christmas. The biography will be sold at a popular price.

In these days of bulky biographies it is reassuring to learn that the Life of the late Bishop of Wakefield, by his son, Mr. F. D. How, will be confined to a single handsome volume, with portrait and facsimiles. The Bishop was not only a devoted prelate, but an enthusiastic fisher and botanist, and these aspects of the man will not be overlooked. Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Ripon, has contributed an interesting chapter on Dr. How as a hymn-writer. Messrs. Isbister expect to have the book ready by the end of the month.

It is understood that the publishers generally are well satisfied with the orders received so far for the autumn season, and look forward to a good time. The spring and summer season has not been unsatisfactory, the general experience being that it is better than that of the Jubilee year.

The sensation of the month has been the transference of the business of Messrs. Bentley to Messrs. Macmillan. We understand that Mr. Richard Bentley, the sole member of the firm, was peremptorily ordered in March by his doctor to give up business. Mr. Bentley shrank from converting his business into a company, and went immediately to Messrs. Macmillan to propose that they should take it over. After the necessary negotiations this has been carried out, and in Messrs. Macmillan's magnificent new buildings the publications of the retiring firm will now be housed. With characteristic consideration Mr. Richard Bentley has arranged for the transference of his staff to Messrs. Macmillan. As the

books go out of stock and new editions are called for, the imprint of Messrs. Bentley will be replaced by that of Messrs. Macmillan, so that the old and honourable name will ultimately vanish. Mr. Richard Bentley retains the proprietorship and editorship of *Temple Bar*, so ably conducted by his father and himself. It will be published, of course, by Messrs. Macmillan, who will also issue the *Argosy* for Mr. Charles Wood. The price paid for the business has not leaked out, but we believe we are correct in saying that the sum named by the *Chronicle* is larger than was actually given. Had Mr. Bentley wished to transfer his business to a new company, he would of course have received much more money, and while we rejoice that the reputation of the great firm has been maintained to the last, many will feel with us that something has been lost in the disappearance of the old house and the old name.

The career of the house has been well sketched in a *Times* article, to which we add some particulars. It was really begun in 1832 by Richard Bentley, who joined Henry Colburn in 1829. Colburn's successors are Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Bentley's is one of the three oldest publishing businesses in London, and has enjoyed since the time of William IV. the honour of being Publisher in Ordinary to the Sovereign. This does not mean that the Sovereign's books are published by the firm, but it does mean, we understand, that the best publications of the firm are invariably presented to the Queen. It is not yet known whether the post of Publisher in Ordinary will be continued to Messrs. Macmillan.

Among the authors who gathered round the first Richard Bentley were Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, and Barham of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Barham and Bentley were schoolfellows at St. Paul's, and the "Ingoldsby Legends" were written for *Bentley's Miscellany*. It need hardly be said that they have been a source of great profit to the firm in their book form. Dickens was editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and published in it "Oliver Twist." He edited the periodical very well, with a curious anticipation of the modern "readable from cover to cover" style. He also contributed to the *Miscellany* one of his minor works, "The Mudfog Papers," a caricature of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is by no means without some excellent touches. Dickens, however, thought that he was not getting enough for his work, and he got out of his contracts with Bentley and gave up the *Miscellany* to Harrison Ainsworth. Under Ainsworth the magazine dragged on in the most wonderful manner for a great many years. It has not been mentioned by the *Times'* writer or any other person that the faith of the publishers in it was in a manner rewarded. It could hardly have paid them, but through it they found a new writer of great popularity in Mrs. Henry Wood, who contributed to its pages one of her first and most successful books, and whose works were to the last published by Messrs. Bentley.

The *Miscellany* went on in a dead and alive state, like Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, but it expired at last. Its place was taken by *Temple Bar*, which came into Bentley's hands in 1866. A full history of the foundation of this famous magazine will be found in Edmund Yates' excellent, valuable and trustworthy reminiscences. *Temple Bar* has been admirable in its way, and continues to be so. Among the later writers of distinction it has introduced to the public is Mr. Maarten Maartens who contributed to the columns of the BOOKMAN an obituary notice of Mr. George Bentley.

Another enterprise of the firm was a daily paper, started about 1845, which came to nothing, and another was *Bentley's Quarterly Review*, of which we think four numbers were published. *Bentley's Quarterly* had for its most distinguished contributor the present Marquis of Salisbury, and it is well worth while to turn back to Lord Salisbury's estimate of Mr. Gladstone in its pages. Among the other contributors were Miss Anne Mozley and Dr. Basil Jones, afterwards Bishop of St. David's. The *Times* writer says that Mr. Douglas Cook of the *Saturday Review* was also connected with it. He may very likely have advised, but we are tolerably certain he was not a contributor. The firm gradually came under the control of Mr. George Bentley, one of the most charming, accomplished, and delightful of publishers. His father died in 1871, but Mr. George Bentley had long before that taken an active part in all that was done. Under Mr. George Bentley the firm did excellent work. Perhaps their speciality was fiction, and some of their happiest hits were due to the keen perception of Mr. George Bentley. It was he who detected the element of popularity in Miss Marie Corelli, and accepted her first work in spite of the unfavourable reports of various "readers." It was in *Temple Bar* and through the house of Bentley that Miss Rhoda Broughton's most popular stories appeared. Among other authors Mr. Bentley discovered were Maarten Maartens, Miss Cholmondeley, the author of "Dianna Tempest," and Mrs. Margaret Woods. The firm did a great deal in the way of publishing three-volume novels for the circulating libraries, novels not of the first popularity but of distinct literary merit. The subscribers to the libraries always looked upon Messrs. Bentley's name as a guarantee of good work, and the business was carried on with great ability and success. When the circulating libraries rebelled against the three volume form, a change took place. Many of the authors who found a sufficient three-volume public could not find a sufficient one-volume public, and yet nothing is more certain than that the public now will not pay more than six shillings for a novel. Messrs. Bentley made a gallant stand against the new arrangement, but it was to no purpose.

Besides publishing novels, Messrs. Bentley issued a great many standard works, especially translations from writers like Mommsen, Thiers, Lamartine, and Guizot. They did much also to make American literature known in England. One of their most popular authors was Sam Slick, some of whose books are still in their catalogue, and deserve to be remembered for their shrewdness and dry wit. Altogether it is a most honourable history that has now been honourably closed, and many will hope that Mr. Richard Bentley will be able to give us a contribution to the annals of publishing from the numerous and valuable documents in his beautiful home near Windsor. Mr. George Bentley somewhat seriously contemplated a book of reminiscences, but

his feeble health prevented him from putting his hand to the work, though to the end he met cheerfully every demand made upon him in the ordinary course of business.

Mr. H. G. Wells, we are grieved to hear, has been very seriously ill during the last month. At the time of writing a slight improvement has been shown, but at about the middle of the month it was feared that an operation would have to be performed for the internal malady from which he has been suffering. The necessity for this will, it is hoped, not now occur, and with a few months of excellent nursing at the house of a medical friend in Kent, where he is at present invalided, there is good reason to believe that he will be himself again. Cycling has to be blamed for aggravation of the cause of Mr. Wells's illness. In all probability Mr. Wells will make his home permanently on the south coast, as his medical adviser insists on a warmer climate and gravel soil. When taken ill Mr. Wells was engaged on the novel at which he has been working so long, and he hopes to finish it as soon as he is allowed to sit up in bed.

Mr. Quiller Couch's new magazine, the *Cornish*, has so far done very well, the orders for the second number being better than those for the first.

We are glad to say that Mr. St. John Adcock has almost recovered from his serious accident, and has gone to Brighton. His new book, "In the Image of God," will be published shortly by Messrs. Skeffington.

Messrs. Isbister will publish about the end of the month Mrs. Molesworth's new novel, "The Laurel Walk"—a clever and winsome idyll of girl-life. It seems to be Mrs. Molesworth's special gift to find romance and excitement in the midst of the commonplace and uneventful.

Messrs. Isbister have in preparation an illustrated edition of Mr. Crockett's "Men of the Moss-Hags." The pictures are from the pencil of Mr. Charles E. Brock, one of the most spirited of our black and white artists.

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's new book, "The Gospel of Joy," will be ready by the end of September. It consists of a series of New Testament studies, and may be regarded as a companion volume to the "Old Testament and Modern Life." The substance of several of the chapters was preached by Mr. Brooke during his congregational tour last spring and in the preceding autumn. The book will be issued by Isbister and Co., Ltd.

Mr. John Long will publish, early in October, a new novel by Mr. H. A. Hinkson, entitled "When Love is Kind."

After the first of October the *Dome*, hitherto published as a quarterly, will appear as a monthly magazine and review.

Mr. Pett Ridge's novel, "Mord Emly," is to be published some time this month—in England by Mr. Pearson, and in America by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Mr. Pett Ridge has written a new serial story for the *People*.

Early in September the Unicorn Press will issue "Literary Parables," by T. W. H. Crossland, which have attracted considerable attention during their serial appearance in the *Academy*.

"Corpus Christi College," by Rev. Dr. Fowler, President, the third volume in Mr. F. E. Robinson's Oxford Series of College Histories, is just out. It will be succeeded shortly by the Trinity and Brasenose volumes. In the Cambridge Series, Downing College, by Rev. H. W. Pettit Stevens, is now in the press.

Mr. A. S. Boyd, of *Punch*, who recently illustrated Stevenson's "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," is about to start in company with his wife (who writes under a pen name) for a trip around the world.

Mr. Shan F. Bullock has at the last moment changed the title of his new novel. Instead of being issued as "Paying the Piper" as previously announced, the book will bear the title of "The Barrys." It is to be dedicated to Mr. Quiller Couch.

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton, who was one of the joint authors, in collaboration with her husband Mr. Robert Leighton, of "Convict 99," is to issue shortly through Mr. Bowden a new novel of stage life, entitled "A Harvest of Sin."

Mr. Marshall Mather's new volume, which is to be issued by Mr. James Bowden, is to be entitled "By Roaring Loom." It deals with Lancashire factory life, with which few living authors, if any, have such close acquaintance as Mr. Marshall Mather, who has laboured as a Free Methodist minister among the Lancashire operatives.

Just now, when the Romanising of the Church of England is attracting so much attention, a book which the Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A., is shortly publishing through Mr. James Bowden, should prove very timely. It is entitled "The People and the Priest," and deals, we are informed, with the question in a very moderate, if trenchant way. Mr. Welsh is a Presbyterian minister, who is rapidly coming to the front. Mr. Bowden has two other books of his in preparation—one a new edition of a work entitled "In Relief of Doubt," and another a volume of essays for young men.

"Great Souls at Prayer" is the title of a very interesting collection of prayer of all times. The lay element is largely represented, and the book ranges from St. Augustine to Christina Rossetti and Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Bowden is the publisher.

We regret to hear that Mr. Stephen Phillips has been laid up with quinsy. A long poem from his pen appears in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a new version of the story of Endymion. As soon as his health is restored Mr. Phillips contemplates a still more important piece of work, more ambitious in character and scope than anything he has yet written.

Mr. Neil Munro's new novel will be published in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Company. The story will not contain so much dialect as "John Splendid," and will be more intelligible to the Englishman. This is the story which is to appear in *Good Words*.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's next literary venture will be his Sunday newspaper. It is possible that this will appear before Christmas. Mr. Harmsworth is devoting his autumn to the completion of schemes long laid for such a venture.

Mr. Charles Kent, whose busy days were in the sixties, when his friend Dickens was consul, and who still does a good deal of biographical work, has, we regret to hear, sustained a great loss in the death of his eldest son.

Mr. Barry Pain has prepared a lecture to add to the gaiety of institutions during the coming winter, called "The Difficulties of a Story Teller." The Lecture Bureau has already booked several dates, and those who heard Mr. Pain on "The Humour of Women" will look forward to his new lecture.

A production of the great Bazaar that escaped notice was a small book called "The Complete Art of Journalism," edited by a lady writer, who assumed for the time the name of Delphine Dobbs. It is worth while to obtain a copy, if only for the sake of a clever and amusing article which it contains on "Dramatic Critics" by Mr. "Adrian Ross."

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 18TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1898.

Trade is usually at its lowest ebb during this period, and this has been the case during the month. Nevertheless, there is not much ground for complaint, when taken in comparison with other years. No doubt during the last fortnight it has been too hot even for reading.

The export trade is very brisk; orders for Christmas stock are already coming in freely.

Such books as are being read are as usual six-shilling novels, and the sale of this class of publication has been better than might have been expected. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau" leads, and E. T. Fowler's "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" comes next, its popularity having revived. The death of Prince Bismarck caused a slight enquiry for his life, which lasted a few days only.

Cricket literature is very popular, as can readily be imagined. Gale's "Light Side of Cricket" and Prince Ranjitsinhji's "With Stoddart's Team" and "Jubilee Book of Cricket" are selling freely.

Very little "Gladstone" literature is now being sold, but the great statesman's "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" is in fair demand.

Much attention is now devoted to work on the cultivation of physical strength. Sandow's "Strength and how to Obtain it" is the favourite text-book, and judging from its sales, the next generation should include many a Samson.

Theology is much neglected, at least from the bookseller's point of view. The only book of this class for which there is any marked demand is the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon's "Hope of Immortality."

The accompanying list of books shows the public taste of the moment, and as might be expected at this season of the year, includes very little serious reading.

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Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Silence, etc. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s. (Harper.)
Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Romance of the First Consul. By M. Malling. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Dull Miss Archinard. By A. D. Sedgwick. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Via Lucis. By K. Vivaria. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Life is Life, etc. By Zack. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Admiral. By D. Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Meg of the Scarlet Foot. By M. E. Tirebuck. 6s. (Harper.)
Kronstadt. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)
Romance of a Regiment. By J. R. Hutchinson. 6s. (Low.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Wooings of Jezebel Pettifer. By H. McFall. 6s. (Richards.)
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Richards.)
The Hope of Immortality. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s. (Seeley.)
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Light Side of Cricket. By Gale and others. 2s. 6d. (Bowden.)
With Stoddart's Team. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 1s. and 2s. (Bowden.)
Martha and I. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)
The Wonderful Century. By A. R. Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
Quo Vadis? By R. Sienkiewicz. 2s. net. (Dent.)
R. N. Carey's 3s. 6d. Novels. (Bentley.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 23—The general trade was a fair one. In the export departments there was an improvement.
" 30—A quiet week in the home trade. Foreign and colonial business better.
Aug. 6—About the slackest week of the year in the home department. Colonial and foreign business still good.
" 13—A quiet week, although an improvement on the last. Export departments busy.
" 20—Home trade still quiet. Colonial and foreign orders brisk.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1898.

With the usual exodus of families from the cities at this season, the book trade was transferred to the seaside resorts and tourist districts. Those readers on holiday had a large assortment of cheap literature provided by local booksellers, especially of racy novels in the popular sixpenny issues by Messrs. Macmillan, Sampson Low, and Cassells. Many thousands were sold of the following: "A Daughter of Heth," by William Black; "Mr. Isaacs," by Marion Crawford; the two breezy novels by Clark Russell, "Emigrant Ship" and "An Ocean Free Lance"; and also "King Solomon's Mines" and "Treasure Island."

The paper-covered novel, judging from the output of the three great publishing firms named, is becoming increasingly popular, and certainly is convenient for railway reading.

The shilling volume which met with most favour was "Sweetbriar," in the "Family Story Teller" Series.

As was to be expected, with so many people moving about, magazines had an unusually large sale, particularly *Pearson's*, *Wide World*, and *Windsor*, the first-named running out of print.

The eccentricities of the "canny Scot," so humorously portrayed in "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland," brought many requests for that book.

Scotch literature was represented by two volumes issued by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, "Sir William

Wallace," in the "Famous Scots Series," and a revised and illustrated edition of "Memorable Edinburgh Houses," by W. Harrison. In this connection may also be noticed a work on the "Place Names of Glengarry and Glenquoich," which attracted some attention.

The three most popular six-shilling novels of the month were "Rupert of Hentzau," "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and "Evelyn Innes." The success of "Rupert of Hentzau," even at this usually dull season, is worthy of remark, and should warrant the opinion that other publishers might benefit from Mr. Arrowsmith's experience.

In travel, "China in Transformation," by A. R. Colquhoun, derived importance from the timeliness of its publication, and owing to its many-sidedness, proved attractive tc thoughtful readers in various directions.

Guide books to all the classic districts of Scotland were in much request, and provincial firms showed enterprise in publishing these.

The following is the usual list of best selling works during the month :—

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By Kate D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
China in Transformation. By A. R. Colquhoun. 16s. (Harper.)
The Price of a Wife. By J. Strange Winter. 3s. 6d. (White.)
Leddy Marget. By L. B. Walford. 6s. (Longmans.)

And the sixpenny editions of

A Daughter of Heth. By William Black.
Mr. Isaacs. By Marion Crawford.
Emigrant Ship and An Ocean Free Lance. By Clark Russell.
King Solomon's Mines, by Rider Haggard, and Treasure Island, by R. Louis Stevenson.

NEW WRITERS.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR.

IT is little more than a year since Miss May Sinclair's first book, "Audrey Craven," was published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons. Her career as a novelist, therefore, is only beginning. But she can already show a considerable record of excellent literary work. Her first efforts were in the direction of poetry, and two volumes of verse were published. Many of her poems afterwards appeared in various periodicals, including the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *Academy*, and *Temple Bar*.

The first published article from her pen appeared in the *New World* in 1893. It was on Hegelian Ethics. Miss Sinclair has not continued to write on subjects so abstruse, and has in fact done no more work in this line since she first tried her hand at fiction in 1895. She has, however, done several translations, among others Sohn's "Outlines of Church History."

Miss Sinclair's first short stories, "A Friendly Critic" and "Not Made in Germany," came out in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1896 and 1897. She has also contributed occasionally to *Black and White*. "Audrey Craven" was remarkably well received when it appeared in May of last year, and the first edition was exhausted in a few months. By October a second edition was required.

From Photo by] MISS MAY SINCLAIR. *[Alfred Ellis.*

Miss Sinclair's new book is to be published this autumn by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, her first publishers.

MISS GWENDOLINE KEATS ("ZACK").

WE have pleasure in giving a portrait of Miss Keats ("Zack"), whose remarkable book, "Life is Life," we reviewed last month.

From Photo by] *[J. Cornell Smith.*
MISS GWENDOLINE KEATS ("ZACK").

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Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Light Side of Cricket. By Gale and others. 2s. 6d. (Bowden.)
With Stoddart's Team. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 1s. and 2s. (Bowden.)
Martha and I. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)
The Wonderful Century. By A. R. Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
Quo Vadis? By R. Sienkiewicz. 2s. net. (Dent.)
R. N. Carey's 3s. 6d. Novels. (Bentley.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 23—The general trade was a fair one. In the export departments there was an improvement.
„ 30—A quiet week in the home trade. Foreign and colonial business better.
Aug. 6—About the slackest week of the year in the home department. Colonial and foreign business still good.
„ 13—A quiet week, although an improvement on the last. Export departments busy.
„ 20—Home trade still quiet. Colonial and foreign orders brisk.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1898.

With the usual exodus of families from the cities at this season, the book trade was transferred to the seaside resorts and tourist districts. Those readers on holiday had a large assortment of cheap literature provided by local booksellers, especially of racy novels in the popular sixpenny issues by Messrs. Macmillan, Sampson Low, and Cassells. Many thousands were sold of the following: "A Daughter of Heth," by William Black; "Mr. Isaacs," by Marion Crawford; the two breezy novels by Clark Russell, "Emigrant Ship" and "An Ocean Free Lance"; and also "King Solomon's Mines" and "Treasure Island."

The paper-covered novel, judging from the output of the three great publishing firms named, is becoming increasingly popular, and certainly is convenient for railway reading.

The shilling volume which met with most favour was "Sweetbriar," in the "Family Story Teller" Series.

As was to be expected, with so many people moving about, magazines had an unusually large sale, particularly *Pearson's*, *Wide World*, and *Windsor*, the first-named running out of print.

The eccentricities of the "canny Scot," so humorously portrayed in "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland," brought many requests for that book.

Scotch literature was represented by two volumes issued by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, "Sir William

Wallace," in the "Famous Scots Series," and a revised and illustrated edition of "Memorable Edinburgh Houses," by W. Harrison. In this connection may also be noticed a work on the "Place Names of Glengarry and Glenquoich," which attracted some attention.

The three most popular six-shilling novels of the month were "Rupert of Hentzau," "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and "Evelyn Innes." The success of "Rupert of Hentzau," even at this usually dull season, is worthy of remark, and should warrant the opinion that other publishers might benefit from Mr. Arrowsmith's experience.

In travel, "China in Transformation," by A. R. Colquhoun, derived importance from the timeliness of its publication, and owing to its many-sidedness, proved attractive tc thoughtful readers in various directions.

Guide books to all the classic districts of Scotland were in much request, and provincial firms showed enterprise in publishing these.

The following is the usual list of best selling works during the month :—

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By Kate D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
China in Transformation. By A. R. Colquhoun. 16s. (Harper.)
The Price of a Wife. By J. Strange Winter. 3s. 6d. (White.)
Leddy Marget. By L. B. Walford. 6s. (Longmans.)

And the sixpenny editions of

A Daughter of Heth. By William Black.
Mr. Isaacs. By Marion Crawford.
Emigrant Ship and An Ocean Free Lance. By Clark Russell.
King Solomon's Mines, by Rider Haggard, and Treasure Island, by R. Louis Stevenson.

NEW WRITERS.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR.

IT is little more than a year since Miss May Sinclair's first book, "Audrey Craven," was published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons. Her career as a novelist, therefore, is only beginning. But she can already show a considerable record of excellent literary work. Her first efforts were in the direction of poetry, and two volumes of verse were published. Many of her poems afterwards appeared in various periodicals, including the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *Academy*, and *Temple Bar*.

The first published article from her pen appeared in the *New World* in 1893. It was on Hegelian Ethics. Miss Sinclair has not continued to write on subjects so abstruse, and has in fact done no more work in this line since she first tried her hand at fiction in 1895. She has, however, done several translations, among others Sohn's "Outlines of Church History."

Miss Sinclair's first short stories, "A Friendly Critic" and "Not Made in Germany," came out in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1896 and 1897. She has also contributed occasionally to *Black and White*. "Audrey Craven" was remarkably well received when it appeared in May of last

From Photo by] MISS MAY SINCLAIR. *[Alfred Ellis.*

year, and the first edition was exhausted in a few months. By October a second edition was required.

Miss Sinclair's new book is to be published this autumn by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, her first publishers.

MISS GWENDOLINE KEATS ("ZACK").

WE have pleasure in giving a portrait of Miss Keats ("Zack"), whose remarkable book, "Life is Life," we reviewed last month.

From Photo by] *[J. Caswall Smith.*
MISS GWENDOLINE KEATS ("ZACK").

POETRY.

THE VOYAGE OF BRAN TO EMAIN,* THE ISLE OF IMMORTAL YOUTH.

I.

A branch of the apple-tree I bring,
That grows in Emain, blossoming:
White twigs of silver crest its brows
Of crystal, gleaming as it grows.
The Isle lies westward, far away;
Around, the pale sea-horses play:
Four feet, beneath it, bear and urge
Its course against the curling surge.
Four feet of palest bronze upbear
It through the endless ages there:
Fair Isle, where Time, continual,
Hears but the apple-blossoms fall.
Or hears in the unfading tree
The birds in sweetest minstrelsy
Mix many a song, and sing the Hours
Amid the fragrant apple-flowers.
And on the neighbouring quiet lawns
Are flowers of untold radiance;
And shining plains, where the birds sing loud,
Lie southward like a silver cloud.
Sans grief, or sorrow, or swift death,
Or pain, or age's agued breath,—
There lies the land beyond the sea,
Of Emain Isle eternally.
The pale sea-haze around the strand
Hides all day long the lovely land,
Amid the sea, like a crystal set,
With spray of the tossing sea-manes wet.
The beautiful women and radiant men
Call it *The Gentle Country* when
They hark to the songs that softly fall,
And drink of its wine ambrosial.

II.

There comes at dawn the Destined One,
Whose forehead flames like the rising sun;
Across the eastern plains he trod,
And stirred the sea till it was blood.
And there he waits the sea-borne host,
Whose sails proclaim the way they crost;
They come, they row, to the Druid Stone,
That sings a thousand strains in one.
It lifts the hymn unto the host
Of the ages long, and the seas they crost:
And as they hear, they breathe the breath
Of Life that knows not age nor death.
They land, they leap on the level plains,
And pause again to hark the strains
Of the Druid stone, that drives away
Dark death, and trouble, and decay.

III.

There is the Isle where Bran has been,
Across the sea, and the beauty seen
Of its shining plains where never gloom,
In far Emain, breaks the apple-bloom.
And still whene'er Bran's curragh rides
Right westward o'er the limpid tides,
He looks, and lo! beneath the deep,
Floats Emain Isle in its radiant sleep.
But westward, far and long, must row
The boat of Bran, to the Isle below,
Of the beautiful women and radiant men—
Whence none but Bran may come again.*

ERNEST RHYS.

* Emain corresponds, as the apple-blossoms suggest, to the Isle of Avallon, and other Celtic visions of Paradise.

* See. "The Voyage of Bran," by D. W. Kuno Meyer, with an Essay on the Celtic Other-world by Alfred Nutt. Vol. I. (London: David Nutt.)

THE READER.

MY BOOKSHELVES: REMINISCENT.

THERE never was a time within my memory when I had not an ambition to accumulate books. But there was a time when books were few, and what a happiness those few books brought with them! They were mainly birthday presents, for I was too stupid a boy at school ever to win a prize, and too incorrigible, I suppose, even to secure that consolation of the stupid boy—the prize for good conduct. There are assuredly no literary memories quite so fragrant as those of these early gifts. My library as a boy of thirteen had but half-a-dozen volumes in it. One was a shilling edition of "The Arabian Nights," another a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with a lot of illustrations, published at sixpence. Then I had "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Sandford and Merton," and "Wild Sports of the World"—all of them in showy gilt covers. These made a library than which nothing better could be furnished to-day for the same money, and only "Sandford and Merton" and "Wild Sports" would be omitted from a boy's library of the present year. The boy of to-day will get better printing and better paper, but he cannot get better books. Nor do I think him any better off than I was with regard to his periodical literature. I well remember a serial publication, Routledge's *Boys' Own Annual*, edited by Mr. Edmund Routledge. There was a story there called "The Black Prince's Page," with a thrill in every chapter. It was about Creçy and Poictiers, of course. Who the author was, or whether the story was ever reprinted, I have no notion. Perhaps it would prove impossible if read to-day, but, as it dwells in my memory, it was quite as good as the hundred and one adventure stories which now sell their ten or twenty thousand in six-shilling form.

Then there was a publication called *Good Words for the Young*, edited by Dr. Norman Macleod. A volume of it is still in my library—and it has been there ever since I was ten years of age. It printed Charles Kingsley's "Madam How and Lady Why," Henry Kingsley's "Boy in Grey," a story by William Gilbert, illustrated by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and a number of other good things. I do not believe there is any magazine for boys that can rival it to-day in general excellence, but this may be sheer old-fogeyism. I hold the same opinion with regard to *Merry and Wise*, another

extinct magazine. It was here, unless my memory fails me, that a thrilling story of the North American Indians, called "The Wild Man of the West," made its appearance, and of this story I also cherish the opinion—probably a false one—that the boys of to-day have no stories one-half as exciting, or in any sense as healthy and invigorating.

Poetry came into my library through a volume of selections. Who it was made the selection, and who published it, I have not the faintest notion. The book has probably been out of print for years, but here again I am old-fashioned enough to believe that nothing better is done for the boys and girls of to-day. It contained the usual familiar extracts from "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion," and a delighted first acquaintance with the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu was made through these selections. It contained long fragments of the "Paradise Lost" and Pope's "Essay on Man." There were all the familiar selections from Shakspere, as, for example, Mark Antony's oration. There were Rogers's "Ginevra," Southey's "Maid of the Inn," and Shelley's "Skylark." Does the new boy get as much interesting matter concentrated in one small book? My indebtedness to sundry volumes of the *Quiver*, containing "The Channings" and "Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles"—two stories by Mrs. Henry Wood—I would not willingly forget; nor should I be right in omitting a reference to the helpfulness of Cassell's "Popular Educator." The Cassells and the Routledges were the great publishers of my boyhood; although when A. and C. Black published their sixpenny edition of Scott they made an epoch in my life, as in that doubtless of thousands of others. It was in that sixpenny form that I read the whole of the Great Magician, from "Waverley" to the "Tales of a Grandfather." "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth" were my favourites, as I believe they are of every English boy. The critics who tell us that this or that novel of Scottish life is Sir Walter's best are Scotsmen, and not to be accepted as impartial judges.

I have said that Cassell and Routledge were our publishers. We knew, indeed, nothing then of the Longmans and the Murrays, who figured and still figure so largely—or rather we knew them through Dr. William Smith's compilations and through Colenso's Arithmetic. But I remember with gratitude the "Holy War" that Messrs. Cassells issued n those early years, which, with the pictures, made Bunyan's book a never-to-be-forgotten treasure of literature to me. Routledge's Shakspere, again, with Sir John Gilbert's illustrations, compelled one to read the poet by the very beauty of the pictures. It was Routledge, again, who published the memorable novels of Marryat, Harrison Ainsworth, Lytton and Dumas, which one devoured so eagerly, but I think it must have been after I had left school—at fourteen years of age—that most of these books were read in rapid succession. Boyhood for me ended at fourteen. It was not a boyhood of the kind that most of the men who live to write about books can look back to. A boyhood in a fine library of the best authors, followed by a University career, is the ideal that I longed for, but never realised. Perhaps that gives an enemy—had I one—the opportunity of saying that is why I should not write about books. The severe mental training of the youth who has studied much Greek and more Latin at fourteen did not come to me. I mourn t as a limitation, and no boy over whose studies I had control should repeat my experience. All that De Quincey says about Greek as a fine mental equipment I blindly accept. In later years I began to learn it. A Greek Grammar stands on my bookshelves, but, alas! it is not too well thumbed.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

IMPRESSIONS OF LITERARY LONDON.

TRULY, extremes meet, and London is not unlike a country village, after all! A city, it would seem, cannot grow very large without approaching pettiness, and so there is nothing so provincial and narrow as your metropolis. The very hugeness of a great community forces it to subdivide, breaking up, of its own weight, into little fragments of society, each reverting to the prototypical unit. Your butchers associate, your bakers fraternise, while candlestick-makers form guilds that outgrow themselves, too, in time, and split into brass factions, silver leagues, and silver-workers' unions.

And so I find a little Literary London, strident and factitious, peopled with celebrities major and minor—or do you spell it "minour" in England?—poets and rhymesters, workers and drones, a curiously conservative community of culture, unknown of the City man who storms without, a Barbarian in a jacket.

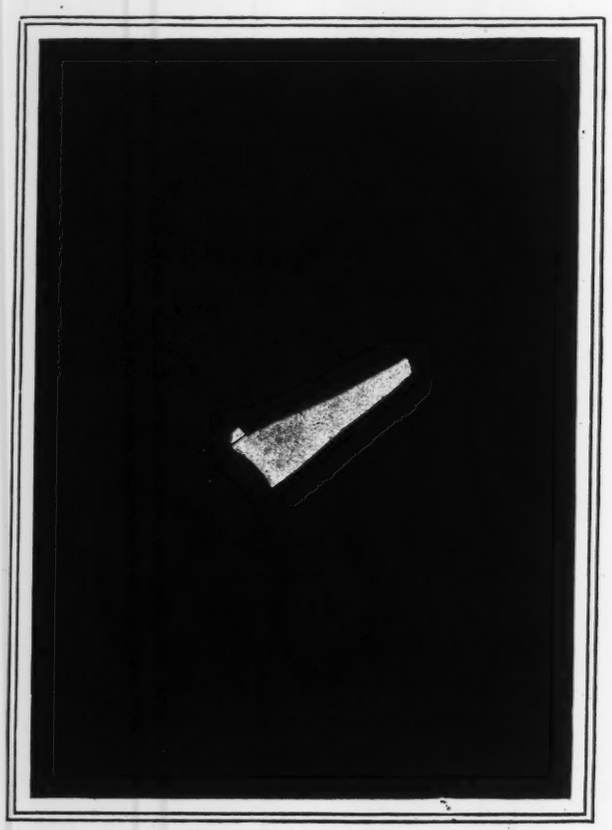
I was given my map and my guide-book, and sent forth amongst the streets of this little burg. If I dared, I would publish that map, but I alone of all Literary Londoners would be discreet, and I shall but corroborate my cartographer. It may be said that three weeks' residence and the hospitality of seven natives is unlikely to furnish sufficient data for a dissertation on the town, but I assure you books have been written by more inexperienced travellers than I, and proved merry reading at that. Indeed, I have found all my seven Literary Londoners as like as bird shot,—I could generalise from any one specimen. I begin to fear that, in time, I may be hall-marked myself, which Heaven forfend! You are constantly recruited with Goths and Vandals, but in a week, or a month, or a year, they are all civilised, costume and custom. I cannot tell your Scotchman from Devonshire after he has learned the patter, and having been smelted in Fleet Street is run into the magazine mould.

But, after all, one learns things, sometimes, from the superficiality of visitors. After one has lived three weeks in a foreign city, one ceases to notice peculiarities; one takes the place for granted. One does not ask of a suburban resident when the last train leaves, for his ignorance is notorious. And so if I piece out my innocence with *blague*, it may be that none will ever suspect, and so I must not waste apologies.

"*Literary London has no secrets*," says my Guide Book. I have saved many a tight little morsel of gossip to enliven my article, but I have been handicapped by the agile paragrapher. A good story runs itself to death the day it is born, for your Literary Londoner is an arrant tattle-tale, and whips gossip breakneck through club and restaurant.

In a smaller town, a man meets doctors, lawyers, and occasionally an Indian chief, as the old counting-out rhyme

has it,—for there are not enough literary San Franciscans to fill a walled town, as in London. They do not give Vagabond dinners in California, for Western Vagabonds do not write books. They have Bohemian Club dinners, however, as untrue to the name, and they piece out the arts with insurance men who pay the bulk of the expense. Now, one can often enjoy an insurance man, who is forced, himself, to make the best of ordinary writers. Of course, I am aware that there are authors who consort with duchesses, and journalists who occasionally break out of Fleet Street; but the fact remains that they both live in Little Literary London, willy-nilly, and must come home o' nights, and foregather with the craft. They are of this clique, or that; they write for the A and the B magazines, and are ignored by the Y and the Z periodicals, or they are *en rapport* with the M and the N syndicates and unknown to the rest of the alphabet, until some lucky bolt from the Triumvirate of Reputationers gilds their names, and they move into the West End to write books.



From Photo by] MR. GELETT BURGESS. *[Russell & Sons.*

"Sight-seeing is the Art of Disappointment," says Stevenson, and the shops and galleries of Little Literary London hold many illusions. I came to see demi-gods and heroes, and was escorted, trembling, into a sort of Madame Tussaud's, where the figures, whose photographs I had seen, bulged awkwardly with stuffing. I want no more of the men and women who did, for the cream of the exhibit live, like Chatterton, in fifth-storey attics, and *shall* do. I have seen more than enough, too, of good Americans gone wrong,—too long resident here to know that their native country has overtaken their memories and theories.

I was also, I confess, somewhat disappointed in the London woman-who-writes. She is ubiquitous in America, where every little school-girl contributes to the magazines. It is more serious work here, for one must have a certain amount of grammar and rhetoric at one's fingers' ends, which would sadly endanger the blithe carelessness of feminine diction in the United States. But however one may generalise about men, to attempt to adapt that process to women is madness, for the same reasoning that seems to prove them all different, can be made to prove them all alike. Yet, if I remember rightly, there was more than one who cast down her eyes in delicious confusion, and murmured, "*Dear* Burne-Jones!"

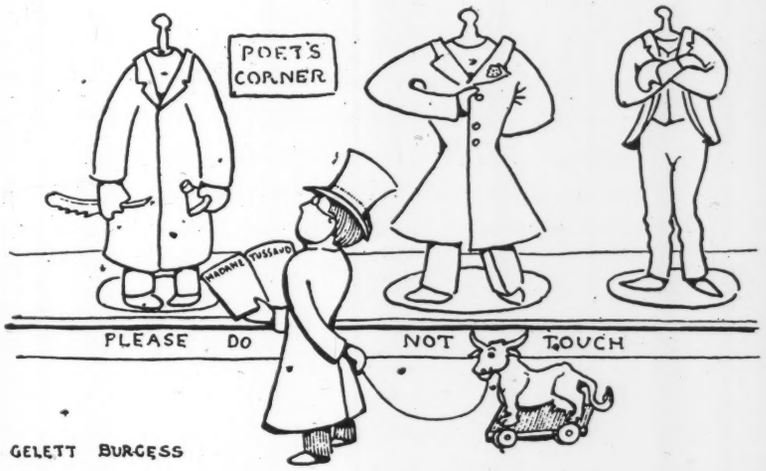
Everyone in the colony knows his neighbours' affairs, and has running through his head the tape of the "ticker" which announces the market rates of authors' stocks—the price per dozen for dialect, the price per pound for poetry, with every rise and fall in prestige of celebrities. But there is an unhealthy rumour afloat that it is the men whose names are unknown to the literary weeklies that are making the most money. Perhaps it is the leader-writers on the great dailies who are getting rich, besides being the powers behind the throne. There are those, too, whose functions no one quite knows, who lunch visitors at swagger clubs, and keep important office hours, with admittance only by card, stating name-and-object-of-interview. They are without visible means of support, as far as brains go, but they assume influence in the trade, and affect *boutonnières*. In despair I turn to page 679 of my "Guide to Literary London," and I read: "*There are bigger bounders on Fleet Street than Marie Corelli.*"

Which brings me to the latest catch-word in this marvellous townlet. Marie Corelli! I have heard so much in her dispraise, that I am altogether predisposed in her favour, and at another word I shall determine to read one of her books. It is not always well to read the books of the figures you expect to meet at this Literary Madame Tussaud's, but I am much mistaken if she would not bear the test as well as some others, and I have the singular advantage of being in no way prejudiced in her despite because she sells enormous editions. I doubt if she needs a defender, but in this open letter I offer her my blade. There are other names, whose prominence offends the elect as the refrain of a popular song annoys the musician, and they make an ostentatious to-do about the literary barrel-organs that grind out penny praises. I am of the newer cult myself, whose pose is to affect barrel-organs, and cheap discords genuinely rendered amuse me. And so Hall Caine, with all the impudence of a youthful tourist, I cheer from the doorstep, while the procession of your sandwich-men goes by through the streets of Little Literary London to the suburbs of Notoriety where high prices prevail, and the more heartily for the glory of your drum-major, and the fact that, behind the shutters of the Sour Grapes Inn, I see an hundred eyes peep forth at your triumph, slanging the show with the *argot* of the sixpenny review.

But I must quell my enthusiasms for the spectacles of the town. Try as I may, once having been indulged with a visit behind the scenes, I cannot take the performance seriously, and so I repay my own victimisation in kind. I am not here, after all, to amuse, but to be amused, and I

will not be outdone in impertinence. Literature is dead in London, and I am not afraid of ghosts.

But if Literature is dead, litterateurs are not, though they are captive, bound hand and foot by the conventions and rituals of the editorial code. A man may write a book still,



and say, up to a certain point, what he pleases, but if he tries the same game in a magazine, it will blow him up sky-high! The Letter Writer is the King of Literary London, and the Periodical must be the apologist of the Family Circle, Home, Mother and the Sick Baby. The chief duty of a London editor is, confessedly, to shudder at letters and anonymous post-cards from provincial readers. There were two periodicals that I knew (and perhaps others that I did not know), which did not open letters from the Constant-Reader and-Writer. Both the *New Review* and the *Yellow Book* are dead; whatever were their faults, I am sure they were not edited in the rural counties. And therefore I have come upon many unfortunates who, in the shipwreck of these two literary ventures, have been cast high and dry out of the sea of fame to starve genius in the arid streets of the city. Their only chance now, is to live little interesting paragraphs, and on such a ladder climb into prominence again—to abuse Marie Corelli, instead of terrifying triple-editors with literary productions, to corrupt bookbinders' clerks and sell the stolen information of secret editions, to play the Fleet Street gossip, and stifle primitive impulses. But I hope they never will, for they are the only picturesque characters in Literary London—corsairs and masqueraders though they be.

Perhaps it is not quite as bad as this, you know—but you must remember that I have been in London only three weeks, I have met only seven persons in all, and my Guide Book may have been edited by some "Old Subscriber." So you may call these impressions, oppressions, depressions, or what you will.

GELETT BURGESS.

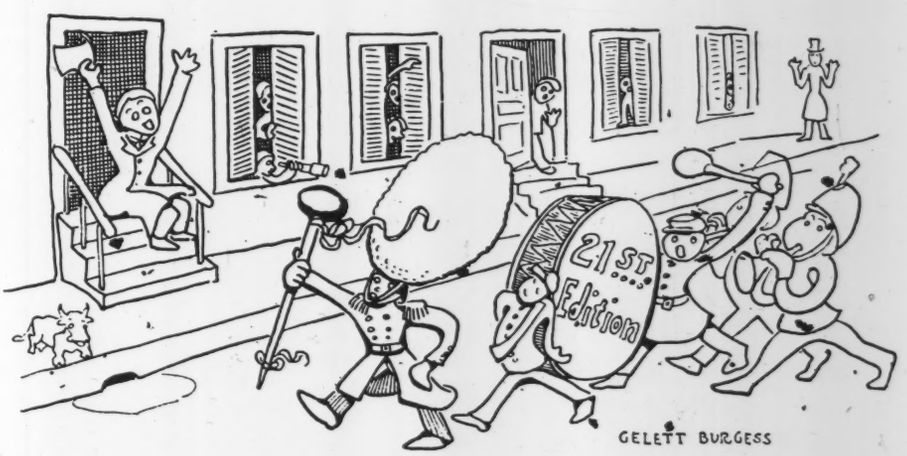
THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

IN view of a new proposal for regulating discount now under the consideration of the Publishers' Association, and which has already been favourably entertained by the Authors' Society, as well as by booksellers' associations throughout the country, it may not be amiss to review the present situation.

The attempt made last year to revert to a general discount of 2d. a shilling for cash having failed, chiefly owing to the adverse view taken of it by the Authors' Society, one is strongly inclined to take up an attitude of despair and allow things to drift. But whither? for how long? No action is exactly what Mr. Frederick Macmillan, in addressing the Publishers' Association in connection with the former movement, so earnestly deprecated. "Remember," he said, "the only alternative is to do nothing, and to do nothing is to ask the booksellers to continue the distribution of our publications on terms which they believe, *and which we believe*, to be unprofitable.

"This must of necessity mean that in the long run booksellers will cease to interest themselves in the sale of new books, and will put all their energies into the sale of second-hand books, stationery, fancy goods, or any other articles out of which they can get a decent living. Such a result cannot be otherwise than disastrous to the publishers, and to the authors for whom they publish."

That Mr. Macmillan in these words accurately describes the situation and its inevitable result is undoubted. The profit on the sale of new copyright books, after allowing a discount of 3d. a shilling, is wholly inadequate to the labour, the capital, and the risk involved; indeed, in many cases it has disappeared entirely before the seller has paid his working expenses. The risk is now greatly increased by the enormous output of new books every year, and the very short life ninety-nine out of every hundred of them enjoy. A bookseller is expected to have a fair representation of



them, and, if not sold quickly, their value becomes much reduced. Of course, there are classes of books outside that limit which afford a fair enough profit, but why should the sale of new copyright books not be able to stand by itself without a crutch of any kind? In days when the

profit on sugar was rather bare, grocers were wont to refuse to supply that useful commodity to those who did not buy the tea also; certain classes of new copyright books, and these usually of a standard character, are the "sugar" of the book trade—the "tea" is made up of something else.

The main features of the new scheme, without going into details, are:

a. Books at 6s. and under will still be sold at 3d. a shilling off for cash.

b. Books above 6s. will be sold at 2d. a shilling off for cash.

c. Terms of purchase are rearranged, and secure that a moderate profit is left to the seller.

In order to carry out this or any other scheme there must be loyal co-operation on the part of all concerned—authors, publishers, and booksellers, and that will only be secured by realising that their interests are identical.

Any arrangement for a fixed minimum price involves control in dealing with the retailer, and that control can only be exercised by the publisher.

Is such a measure of control right? It seems to us both right and reasonable. Control in one form or other prevails in many trades and professions.

Trade Unions, whether of masters or men, are gigantic systems of control, and they are held to be quite proper and legitimate.

Bankers arrange the rates of discount and interest, and regulations as to fees and prices are quite understood and acted upon in the legal and other professions.

From the nature of the case the sale of books is very specially in need of regulation. A bookseller deals with articles of which thousands of the same kind are produced, the published price is advertised and known to all, and the temptation to secure trade by cutting prices is therefore peculiarly great. A few booksellers in London and one or two of our large cities are opposed to any restriction of their liberty in the fixing of price, although why it is hard to see. At present they are on all fours with the great majority of the trade, and they would remain the same under the new arrangement.

A publisher or author has a perfect right to protect his own property. If by the action of A, B C D and E say it is not worth while keeping a certain book or books, the proprietor has surely the right to say to A, "By so doing you are prejudicing my interests, and I can't allow it. You are quite at liberty to have my books, but you must not sell them at such a price as will result in B C D and E not keeping them as well." Without such control no arrangement is possible; so much is necessary, and no more.

Why is it that the number of booksellers has decreased when the capacity for reading and the desire for it have so enormously increased? A statement was made recently to the effect that only 200 booksellers who have a real knowledge of their business survive, out of 1,200 existing some twenty years ago. Advertising merely will not sell books; they require to be seen and handled and talked about at least as much as other goods.

Some time ago the *Daily Chronicle* put the question regarding country booksellers, "How few of them, for example, can readily give to an intending purchaser exact information about authors, editions, print, paper, binding—all those points which go to make up the permanent value of a collection of books." The wonder is that any will take the trouble. In many such cases the information is given, and orders, larger or smaller, taken when the profit on the transaction will literally not pay working expenses.

A cutting trade can only be done with a large business, and large businesses in the nature of the case are confined to a few great centres. Is it for the interest of author or publisher that the sale of their books in a city or district should be in the hands of two or three men who can take or reject as they feel inclined, or until sufficiently tempting terms are offered? Better and safer in every way to have 100 agents than 10, better for the producer and better for the book-buying public. No scheme will succeed if it is supposed to be simply in the interest of a few booksellers throughout the country.

But if a bookseller serves a purpose, a useful purpose, as meanwhile the best medium, often indeed the only medium, by which author and reader make each other's acquaintance, he is entitled to live by his business, and any effort to secure that end should have the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all concerned.

It is a business of more than usual interest, but unless some system of control can be carried out, and an arrest laid on the ruinous system of discount, the large stock of new books still kept by a few, to the great delight and benefit of all lovers of literature, will speedily disappear.

J. MACNIVEN.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. George Cotterell has resigned the editorship of the *Yorkshire Herald*, which he has held for upwards of ten years past. The strain of daily journalism had begun to affect Mr. Cotterell's health. The history of Mr. Cotterell's connection with the *Herald* is a somewhat significant one. He accepted the editorship when the *Herald* transferred its support from the Radical Home Rulers to the Unionists, and during the time he has occupied the editorial chair has had the satisfaction of seeing the political representation of the city withdrawn from two members of the opposite party and entrusted to two gentlemen holding views similar to those so assiduously advocated by him in the columns of the *Herald*.

Several London journalists who went out as "specials" to the Cuban war have returned to town. Their experience was anything but pleasant. Obstacles were placed in their way by the American military and naval authorities, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and after suffering extreme privations, that they were able to discharge their functions. Even then their work was deprived by the censors of much of its value. The returned "specials" do not speak very highly of the American military arrangements, and they condemn the commissariat in unmitigated terms.

One pleasing feature of the recent meeting of the N.R.A. at Bisley was the unprecedented provision that was made for the comfort of journalists. For some years the reporters have had their own camp, and they have enjoyed the privileges of their own Club Tent. But in the matter of commissariat, the arrangements have been defective. Thanks to a new firm of caterers, and the exertions of their manager, a "Press Club" room in the refreshment club was provided at the recent meeting. It was comfortably furnished, and was restricted to the journalists in camp and a few friends of the manager. The food provided was excellent, and for the first time at Bisley hard work became more of a pleasure than a toil. Before the meeting terminated the journalists testified by resolution their appreciation of the efforts that had been made for their comfort. Mr. Walter Hepburn (Press Association) is the genial president of the Bisley Press Club, and he is ably assisted by Mr. J. D. Irvine

(*Morning Post*), the secretary, and by Mr. R. T. Caiger, the treasurer.

Mr. W. H. Attwick has resigned the position of Honorary Secretary of the Sussex District of the Institute of Journalists, and Mr. G. Aitchison, of the *Brighton Herald*, has been appointed in his place.

Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, M.P., started on a Commercial Tour of the World on the 17th of July. He will act as Special Commissioner of the National Press Agency during the tour, which is expected to occupy several months. Mr. Bainbridge will write fifteen letters descriptive of his travels. He is expected to gain some very valuable information affecting the commercial interests of this country. He carries with him letters of introduction from Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and the new Viceroy of India.

Although the members of the London District of the Institute of Journalists have decided that it is not desirable to make appeals for outside help on behalf of the Orphan Fund, it is noteworthy that less than twenty-five per cent. of the nominal membership took the trouble to vote. The subject is to be raised at the Nottingham Conference by Mr. T. Catling and Mr. Arthur Spurgeon.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes has been elected Secretary of the Gallery Committee. He is the Parliamentary representative of the *Morning Leader*, and is very popular both in the Gallery and the Lobby. Mr. Hughes is a striking exemplification of the adage that journalists, like poets, are born, not made. A few years ago he was engaged as a clerk in an Ipswich counting house. He was brought to London by Mr. F. W. Wilson, M.P., who had discovered his aptitude for journalism, and in a very short time he made for himself a leading position in the ranks of London journalists. He forms one of the colony of journalists who reside in the charming old-world suburb of West Dulwich.

A new weekly paper is to be started this month, to be called the *Grimsby Times*. It will be published from the office of the *Eastern Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. H. S. Maclauchlan, assistant editor of the *Morning Leader*, has been recuperating in Scotland after his recent illness.

Mr. Robert White, who went to York in May last to discharge temporarily the duties of leader-writer on the *Yorkshire Herald*, has been permanently appointed to the post by the Board of Directors. The *Herald*, established as a daily early in the seventies, has of late years been steadily improving. The *York Evening Press* and the *Yorkshire Weekly Herald* are published from the same office. Mr. White, who was engaged for five years up to 1895 as assistant editor and leader-writer on two West of England weekly newspapers, was during the sessions of 1896 and 1897 a member of the Parliamentary staff of one of the principal London morning journals. Contributions from his pen have been from time to time accepted by the editors of the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *New Review*, the *Journal of Finance*, *Humanitarian*, *Progressive Review*, etc. His first book, published recently, has been very favourably noticed in the leading literary journals. We understand it is in contemplation to arrange for systematic literary reviews in the *Herald* at an early date.

A new weekly journal devoted chiefly to football in the Midlands will be issued in Birmingham early in September. It will bear the title, *Sport and Play*, of the paper which for a few years past has been incorporated with the *Bicycling News*, and will be published by the same firm. The new paper will be conducted by Mr. W. Unite Jones and Mr. W. J. McAliece, formerly of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*.

Mr. Daniels, formerly connected with the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* and *Sports*, has been appointed sporting sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*.

The annual meeting of the Berks, Oxon, and South Bucks District of the Journalists' Institute was held in the Council Chamber at Reading on the 6th ult. Mr. J. Neale (F) presided. Satisfactory reports were made. It was reported that since the last meeting the chairman and ex-chairman of the District had been elected Fellows of the Institute. Mr. J. C. Coppock (High Wycombe) was elected chairman. Mr. C. Slaughter (F) (*Reading Observer*) accepted the offices of representative on the Council of the Institute and on the Orphan Fund Committee. Mr. R. Brazier (*Oxford Chronicle*) was re-elected treasurer, and Mr. T. Sawyer (*Reading Observer*) was appointed hon. secretary and delegate to the Nottingham Conference.

Mr. George Wynne, managing editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*, presided at a dinner of the "*Mercury* Companionship" held at Heswall, in connection with the annual picnic of the companionship, on Saturday, August 6th.

Mr. T. Wicks, late chief reporter on the staff of the *Cambridge Express*, has been appointed sub-editor of the *Cambridge Daily News*. Mr. H. O. Mills, also of the *Cambridge Express* staff, has been appointed representative for the *Cambridge Daily News* for the St. Ives District.

Rumour has it that Cambridge is to have another evening paper. It is understood that the new journal will appear in October under the title of the *Gazette*, and that it will be under the charge of Mr. J. Smart, who has for several years been connected with the *Cambridge Daily News*.

Mr. W. Carson, of the sub-editorial staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, has resigned his position to accept the editorship of the *Coventry Standard*.

Mr. Humphrey Thompson, of Darlington, has been appointed to a position on the reporting staff of the *Leeds Mercury*.

Mr. John Hayward, who has been for a long period on the *Bradford Observer*, and responsible for much of the dramatic and musical criticism, is leaving, and intending to reside in Paris.

Mr. F. C. Bailey, who has been connected with the *Surrey Times* for the past five years, has been appointed chief reporter of the *Woking Observer*, published by Mr. A. F. Asher.

Mr. H. E. Dewdney, who recently left the *Farnham Herald* to take a post on a North London journal, has resumed his connection with the *Herald*.

Mr. H. Dauncey, who for thirty-seven years has been on the staff of the Birmingham *Daily Post* as its representative in Walsall and district, has been compelled by illness to give up work. He has been succeeded by Mr. Austen, late the Cannock representative of the Wolverhampton *Express and Star*, who will also act as the correspondent of the Birmingham *Daily Mail*. Mr. Dauncey is one of the most respected journalists in the Midlands, and his retirement will cause regret not only among his *confrères*, but in the district generally.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. David Loudoun, who has joined the Glasgow *Evening News* as assistant to the editor and manager, on leaving Greenock, where he had charge of the N. B *Daily Mail* office, received presentations from the Greenock pressmen and the members of the local Burns Club, Provost Erskine making the latter presentation, which took the form of a tea and coffee service.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.*

M. Filon knows England well enough to be just the guide we need in matters relating to the stage. He knows the extent of our ignorance, and that is the base of all good instruction. We are probably not so ignorant of the modern French stage as Frenchmen are of ours, but then there is this difference, that in Paris there are native dramatic events, and in London there are none: why, Mr. Courtney in his unconsciously pathetic and bewildered preface has actually to take "The Ambassador" seriously. M. Filon is not a high and mighty solemn critic, nor a very subtle one. He does not write for posterity, and has no air of doing so. He is a good journalist, with the qualities of such: watchful, open-minded, well informed. He knows all the movements, all the currents and cross currents, and he is not above mingling gossip and personalities with his criticism. There is a good deal of this kind of thing. "A few years ago we had, and I think still have, a writer amongst us who devotes himself to tragedy. His name is Alexandre Parodi, and he used to be seen drinking his *mazagran* at the café of the Théâtre Français." If there were a great deal more of these personal bits his book would doubtless have a wide popularity, for the favourite drinks are supposed to reveal the "human" side of those who have rather inhumanly written the masterpieces we have no time to read. But there is only enough of them to make even the most "human" of us think them rather out of place in a book so full of substantial information and sensible criticism.

* "The Modern French Drama." Seven Essays. By Augustin Filon. Translated by Janet E. Hogarth. With an Introduction by W. L. Courtney. 7s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

His plan has been to trace the history of the drama from the time of Scribe and the framers of the mathematically precise puzzle plots, through the failures of the Romantics, through the experiments of the Naturalists, to the present day, making special detailed reference to recent events. He is distinctly in sympathy with the modern naturalistic methods. He is keenly interested in psychological plays, and in the employment of the drama to reveal the subtleties of human nature. To plays as literature, and especially as poetical literature, we gather he is more indifferent, though, of course, he wakes up to the beauty and wonder of "Cyrano." There is a curious, almost humble, apology for his admiration of "Le Chemineau," though it is written in verse, and is ideal and romantic. Life is evidently a great deal more to him than literature, and the reflection of life a great deal more than art in literature. This makes him a not very far-seeing guide, perhaps, but it helps him to see through shams and affectations with instant intelligence.

The masterpieces of the French stage to-day may be few, but what a vitality his tale of it reveals! It is a mirror of every school of play-writing, acting, and management. The experiments at the Théâtre Libre, the classical matinées at the Odéon, romanticism in full swing by the side of rampant psychological drama and confident vaudevilles; the traditions of the Français solid and unshaken, while symbolists, and mystic Flemings, and crude Scandinavians have each their audience, eager, hopeful, complacent—it is chaos, but a teeming living chaos, the number of the failures an index of strength. We have chaos, too, but theory swims in it mainly. Our attempts are few, timid, ostentatious, and easily discouraged. More than a hundred old plays, we hear, have already been resuscitated at the Odéon, "each accompanied by an explanatory lecture reconstructing the *milieu* in which it was produced, defining and classifying it, and up to a certain point passing judgment on it, but with all due deference to the public as the judge in the last resort." But when he says he is surprised no English manager has yet thought of transferring those classical matinées to London, and reviving three centuries of the stage, from *Garboduc* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* to the comedies of Douglas Jerrold, and is confident that "neither artists, nor lecturers, nor the public would fail to answer to the call," the flattery is sweet but unconvincing. This is educational counsel for spectators. His views on acting are also shrewd and worthy. Such of us who lately saw Sarah Bernhardt's revival of *Phèdre* will feel the truth of his denunciation of those who "think they do well in breathing a little life and human feeling into the cold marble of classical drama. But they are wrong. Tragedy has a life of its own, and a special form of sensibility which needs a special mode of utterance. Leave it as it is; it is an insult to modernise it; to infect it with our modern life is a sure means of killing it."

His attempt to define the "new comedy" is rather desperate. But one would be hard put to it to state more precisely the tendencies of the dominant school to-day, of Lemaître, Lavedan, Hervieu, and Donnay. "Intrigue is simplified and reduced to a minimum. . . . The action is nothing except character painting. . . . As for incident, all that does not spring from the play itself and the interplay of character is eliminated. . . . The spectator who used to give all his attention to the complexity of the intrigue, now gives it to the psychological complications. His reason is called into play instead of his memory. . . . Wit is not excluded, but it is no longer *de rigueur*. . . . As for the dénouement, it must do the best it can. So much the better if it can prove something. . . . The only thing absolutely forbidden is that the author should interfere. No *coup de théâtre*, no *deus ex machinâ*, no intervention of fortune, no chastisement falling from heaven, nothing that can suggest a farce or a melodrama. Thereby we are conforming to the æsthetic principles of the Théâtre Libre, but in all other points we are leaving it behind and drawing closer to the old dramatic architecture, which prevailed from 1830 to 1880." Vague enough this. But M. Filon is no pedant; he says that precision will be given to the ideals of the time when masterpieces appear. We are ready to welcome them.

And the only masterpieces of recent years, the plays of M. Edmond Rostand, are outside this "new comedy" altogether. The least satisfactory of all the chapters is that which includes a notice of his work. It is appreciative, but not quite discriminating enough. M. Filon is interested in human nature more as a psychologist than as a poet. The intellectual epigrams of Dumas *fils* are more quickening to him than the ideal beauty of *La Princesse Lointaine*, which by a strange omission he does not even mention. A child of poetic sensibilities would feel the differences in poetic value between Richepin and Rostand. There is a hesitation in the judgment here. But the critic may be suppressing his natural instincts out of courtesy to the elder of the two dramatists. Very likely it is so; for though no imprudent comparison is attempted, there is a warmer tone in his description of the methods and the effects of *Cyrano*. "The nightmare of symbolism is put to flight, the northern mists break and roll back before the glorious rays of this Provençal sun, which gives back to France her very self, her own peculiar genius." A. M.

PROFESSOR MURISON'S SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.*

Professor Murison's "fundamental" idea of the actual position occupied by the hero of Stirling Bridge in the history of Scotland is to all intents and purposes the same as that recently expounded by Lord Rosebery, and is no doubt the sound one. It is that Wallace represented better than any other of his countrymen, at least of the aristocratic class, during the fourteenth century, except perhaps his own friends, Moray, Graham, and Douglas, the invincible determination of the great mass of the Scottish people to have nothing to do with a union with England that was based on conquest. He is quite right, therefore, in all probability, in rejecting Langtoft's story that Wallace offered to submit to Edward in 1303. Such an offer is contrary not only to "the whole bent" of Wallace's mind, and to the position of absolute defiance which he assumed when he was at last placed upon his trial, but to the course adopted by Edward himself. The English king could hit hard and massacre ferociously, and he had none of the magnanimity which is invariably associated with autocrats of the first order. But he was too much of a statesman to be merely vindictive. The probability is that had Wallace offered to submit, Edward would not only have accepted the offer, but, as we say nowadays, would have "advertised" the fact far and wide as supplying evidence to all whom it might concern that the game of Scottish independence was up. If Wallace's ruling idea was war *à outrance*, Edward's policy in pitilessly hunting him to earth is perfectly intelligible. By striking down his one irreconcileable enemy, he hoped to take all heart out of the Scotsmen who were hesitating between self-preservation and patriotism, not only the time-serving and selfish Comyns and Bruces, but men of the calibre and character of Simon Fraser, who for a time fought on the English side, and Bishop Wishart of Glasgow who, being an ecclesiastic, was Edward's most persistent opponent, and yet gave him—or pretended to give him—advice as to the "settlement" of Scotland in 1305. Edward was, of course, mistaken; his death—the death of a baffled and broken old man engaged in an enterprise which he knew to be hopeless—was incomparably more tragic than Wallace's. But his tactics were superficially at least defensible. Having taken what seems the only intelligible theory of Wallace, Mr. Murison could hardly help falling back on Blind Harry's work as the basis of his biography. But he has done this in a manner which sadly mars the flow of his narrative. Had he told his readers at the outset the simple truth that Blind Harry's poem is the Wallace romance, that, living two hundred years after the patriot's day—a pensioner at the Court of James IV. in the last decade of the fifteenth century—the poet merely versified the popular tradition, he might have set forth in graphic English the whole delightful if legendary story, including the early exploits in Ayrshire and Dundee, the superb fight with the French pirate, the glorious but preposterous battle of Biggar, and the betrayal by the false Menteith at Robroyston. He could have reserved his historical criticism for another chapter. Instead of this, criticism and narrative jostle each other from beginning to end of his book. Mr. Murison is perpetually placing Blind Harry's opinion against that of some other chronicler, although as a rule only to knock that other down. The result is that there are hardly five consecutive pages in the book that are free from controversy, and that the English reader at least must be forced to the conclusion that there is not a single incident in the life of Wallace except his victory at Stirling and his defeat at Falkirk, which is not partially or wholly mythical. While, too, Professor Murison has been most commendably industrious in searching the

* "Sir William Wallace." By A. F. Murison (Famous Scots Series). (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

Scotch chroniclers for materials for his book, and while Hailes should perhaps be left to his mercy, as being what Sir Barnes Newcome would have termed "a sneerin' beast," he is too apt to set aside the English historians, though some were Wallace's contemporaries, as hopelessly filled with bias. He might have given more attention to Hemingburgh and Gray, and a little less to Bower and even to Major. Sir Herbert Maxwell's eccentricities might have merited a few words. Mr. Murison's account of the "betrayal" of Wallace by Menteith at Robroyston, or somewhere else "near Glasgow," is too slavishly patriotic—as patriotism is conceived by the Scottish Home Rule Association. No doubt Menteith was a shifty, unscrupulous adventurer. Professor Tout holds that if he did take part in Wallace's expedition into Galloway in 1298, he acted badly in giving up his commander to Edward seven years later. The intense national hatred to Menteith which pursues his memory to this day is no doubt instinctively as sound at the core as the intense natural love of Wallace. Nearly all the Scottish nobles of the time, Bruce included, were urged and hired by Edward to hunt down Wallace; Menteith alone seems to have put both heart and head into the miserable work. Yet historical facts must be looked in the face, and it is beyond doubt, as has recently been shown by Mr. Robert Aitken, that Menteith occupied a high place among the followers and friends of Bruce, and was one of the subscribers to the letter of the Scottish Parliament to the Pope, which is Scotland's historical protest of independence, and on which probably Burns based his "Scots wha hae." When all is said, however, Mr. Murison's monograph is the best condensed setting forth of the popular Scottish patriotic "case" that has ever been published. It goes without saying, too, that even when he is most Blindly Harryish, the Professor never allows his prejudice or enthusiasm to quite run away with his strong common sense.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THACKERAY IN HIS TWENTIES.*

The stream of reminiscence flows somewhat thin in these two volumes, but brightly and pleasantly still; and it is well not to demand too close an attention in the dog days. For ourselves we have got all the enjoyment we hoped for, and that is saying much. Thackeray's bright and ingenuous youth is refreshing to read about, as youth ought to be, and there is a perennial interest in the sight of a young man taking his first eager survey of life, with no spectacled experience to bias his mind. These early letters and diaries are full of the effervescence of first impressions. "Here is the day for which I have been panting so long," he writes, when the 18th July, 1832, comes, and he is twenty-one at last. The world is at his feet—happily it is generally at the feet of one-and-twenty—and he feels that the old fogeys who have failed to conquer it have themselves to blame. Yet he is a youth of grace, and treats age magnanimously even when it has consigned him to a law office in the summer time.

"This lawyer's preparatory education," he writes, "is certainly one of the most cold-blooded, prejudiced pieces of invention that ever a man was slave to. . . . A fellow should properly do and think of nothing else than LAW. Never mind. I begin to find out that people are much wiser than I am (which is a rare piece of modesty in me), and that old heads do better than young ones, that is in their generation, for I am sure that a young man's ideas, however absurd and rhapsodical they are, though they mayn't smack so much of experience as those of these calculating old codgers, contain a great deal more nature and virtue. Here are hot weather and green trees again, dear mother, but the sun won't shine into Taprell's chamber, and the high stools don't blossom and bring forth buds. *O matutini roses auraque salubres!* I do long so for fresh air and fresh butter, only it isn't romantic."

We should have liked a drawing of Thackeray's office-stool that budded, with himself culling a *boutonnière* from its fertile leg before going out to lunch. It is a subject quite in his characteristic vein.

Next we have him doing his best to leave his boyhood (or as much of it as a good man ever loses) in Paris, in the office of the *Literary Standard* and the society of Billy Maginn, and even in the elegant apartments of "Mr. Deuceace." This was when he made his studies for the "Yellowplush Memoirs," "Barry Lyndon," and the other tales in these volumes. "His views were somewhat grim at that particular time," says Mrs. Ritchie, "and still bore the impress of an experience lately and very dearly bought."

At twenty-two he discovers that he has drained life dry, and writes to his mother accordingly:

"I want now to settle, to marry, and then to live in the little house in Albion Street, going to church regularly, rising early, and walking in the park with Mrs. T."

Whereupon he sketches a scene of imagined felicity, representing himself with a self-complacent strut which his extraordinary nursery-flock hardly justifies. Of course, he thinks he should have been an artist. The Bohemian life of the *atelier* is pleasant to him, and, like the rest of humanity, he prides himself most on his second best.

There is not a great deal told here about his marriage. "He lost his heart," says his daughter, "when he heard my mother sing." In 1838 he wrote to his wife, "Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day." There was sorrow enough to follow, though not from any fault of their own, but affection never failed. "All that I have loved best in the world is Irish," he said, long afterwards, when accused of not liking the race. His wife, Miss Isabella Shawe, came from Donerail in the county of Cork.

Then there are lively letters revealing first impressions of journalism, his opinions of contemporary writers, his intimacy with the Bullers, the Kembles, and Edward Fitzgerald, and there are plenty of amusing sketches, scenes at the "Spotted Dog," an illustrated alphabet, and so on. These "Yellowplush" and "Fitzboodle" volumes do not contain Thackeray's best work, nor his most famous, but they were immensely popular in their day, and, read in the light of the accompanying reminiscences, have a personal interest which attracts us to them, not merely for their own sake, but for their author's.

* "Yellowplush Papers," etc., and "The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon," "The Fitzboodle Papers," etc. By W. M. Thackeray. The Biographical Edition. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

CELTIC BELIEFS ABOUT THE SOUL.*

Celtic legends are, according to certain scholars, our principal way to an understanding of the beliefs out of which the beliefs of the Greeks and other European races arose. Mr. Nutt has written a masterly book upon the most important of all old beliefs—the beliefs about the destiny of the soul and the light Celtic legends have thrown upon it. His book is indeed so masterly that I have no doubt that D'Arbois De Joubainville's "Mythologie Irlandaise," Professor Rhys' "Celtic Heathendom," and it are the three books without which there is no understanding of Celtic legends. Mr. Nutt published the first volume in 1895 as a commentary on "The Voyage of Bran," an old Celtic poem translated and annotated by Kuno Meyer for the purpose; and described with much detail "the happy other world" in Celtic and Greek and Anglo-Saxon and Jewish and Scandinavian and Indian literature. He showed "that Greek and Irish alone have preserved the early stages of the happy other world conception with any fulness," and that Ireland has preserved them "with greater fulness and precision" than the Greeks. He describes in "The Voyage of Bran," vol. 2, the Celtic and Greek doctrine of the rebirth of the soul, of its coming out of the happy other world of the dead, and living once more, and of its power of changing its shape as it desires. By comparing the Greek cult of Dionysius and the Irish cult of the fairies, he concludes that its rebirth and its many changes are because "the happy other world" is the country of the powers of life and increase, of the powers that can never lay aside the flame-like variability of life. He describes the old orgaic dances, in which the worshippers of the powers of life and increase believed themselves to take the shapes of gods and divine beasts, and first, he thinks, imagined "the happy other world," in which their momentary and artificial ecstasy was a continual and natural ecstasy. If the fairy legends of the Irish peasants were better collected, he would have even more copious evidence to prove the association of continual change and of the continual making of new things with the inhabitants of the other world, with the dead as well as with the fairies. I have been often told that "the fairies" change their shapes and colours every moment, and that they can build their houses in a moment and that they can make the fields fruitful and make the milk abundant, and that they can make food or money out of cow dung, and change

* "The Voyage of Bran." By Kuno Meyer and Alfred Nutt. (D. Nutt.)

apples into eggs, or anything into any other thing; and all that is told of the fairies is told of the dead who are among them. The traditional explanation of the battle fought by the fairies in autumn for the harvest is probably less allegorical and less simple than Mr. Nutt's, who explains it as a battle between the powers of life and increase against the powers of death and decay. The peasants are very positive—I have given their words in the January *Nineteenth Century*—that a bad harvest with us is a good harvest among the fairies, and the analogy of a battle fought about the dying makes one inclined to believe that the battle is between the guardians of the living who would leave the harvest for the living, and the fairies and the dead who would take the harvest for themselves. The main argument of Mr. Nutt's book is the argument of Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough" applied to Celtic legends and belief, and being itself a deduction from peasant custom and belief, and not, like the solar myth theory, from the mythology of cultivated races, it must look always for the bulk of its proofs and illustrations to peasant custom and belief. Mr. Nutt seems to imply in a foot-note that the solar myth mythology is a later development and is based upon the harvest mythology, and this shows an accommodating spirit not to be found in Mr. Lang and Mr. Frazer. Mr. Nutt is indeed so tolerant that I am filled with wonder when I find him writing, like other folklorists, as if you had necessarily discovered the cause of a thing when you had discovered its history. Man may have first perceived "the happy other world" in the orgaic dance or in some other ecstasy, but to show that he has done so, though important and interesting, is not to make a point in the great argument about the mystery of man's origin and destiny.

W. B. YEATS.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.*

Every reader of "The Prisoner of Zenda" must have felt with Colonel Sapt that "there could not then be an end." At the close of that charming romance the affairs of Ruritania were in a chaotic and altogether unsettled state. Black Michael having struck for the Crown, had, it is true, paid for the blow with his life, but Rupert of Hentzau, Michael's adherent and co-conspirator, was not dead, and we all knew that his scheming could only end with his death. Even the story of Queen Flavia and Mr. Rassendyll was not buried, though it might have been considered in safe keeping but for that yearly letter of which we are told in the last lines of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Those last lines offer a deliberate promise of a sequel. We confess we had our doubts as to Mr. Hope's wisdom in thus binding himself down to the writing of a companion volume. To produce a successful sequel to a successful novel is to achieve something great, is to succeed where the giants have failed, and failed badly, not once nor twice. We must confess, too, that when we read "Rupert of Hentzau" as it appeared in serial form, it seemed to us that something of the old glamour was missing. But now that we have read the book at a sitting, it is a pleasure to confess that our fears were groundless, our first impressions wrong. For "Rupert of Hentzau" is every whit as entertaining, as exciting, as fascinating a novel as "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is, perhaps, the stronger book of the two. For though Zenda and Rassendyll and Sapt and the other inhabitants of Ruritania have lost the witching charm of novelty, they have lost nothing of their attraction.

It is a hard test for characters in fiction, this test of "auld acquaintance." Of the whole gallery in Zenda, Queen Flavia is the only figure who does not improve on acquaintance. Of the others we never tire, but she, in the end, becomes wearisome. Whenever she makes her appearance, we prepare for "stifled sobbing" and much crying over her broken heart. Great and good men served her with unswerving devotion, but we are not convinced of her worthiness. And she will remain for us the woman who drew from the lips of Rudolph Rassendyll, in the hour of his temptation, the exceeding bitter cry, "Are you, too, against me, my Queen?"

We are sorry that Mr. Hope has not perpetuated in the title of his novel the name of Rudolph Rassendyll. It cannot be too much to say that he will be handed down to posterity as the type of all that is heroic in an English gentleman, as the type of an English Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, for the Zenda romances will live. His heroism was not merely a thing of swords, though he fought as few heroes fight, even in fiction. As he lay dying and remembered the struggle in the garden when he wrestled with his fate, a greater struggle surely than "has fallen to the lot of any man born in a private station," he could say with absolute sincerity, "I've tried to do the right thing through it all." Though at the last heaven settled the issue for him—and we are reconciled to his death for it offered him the kindest of solutions—we have no doubt

* "Rupert of Hentzau." By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

THE CASTLE OF ZENDA. BY HOWARD INCE.
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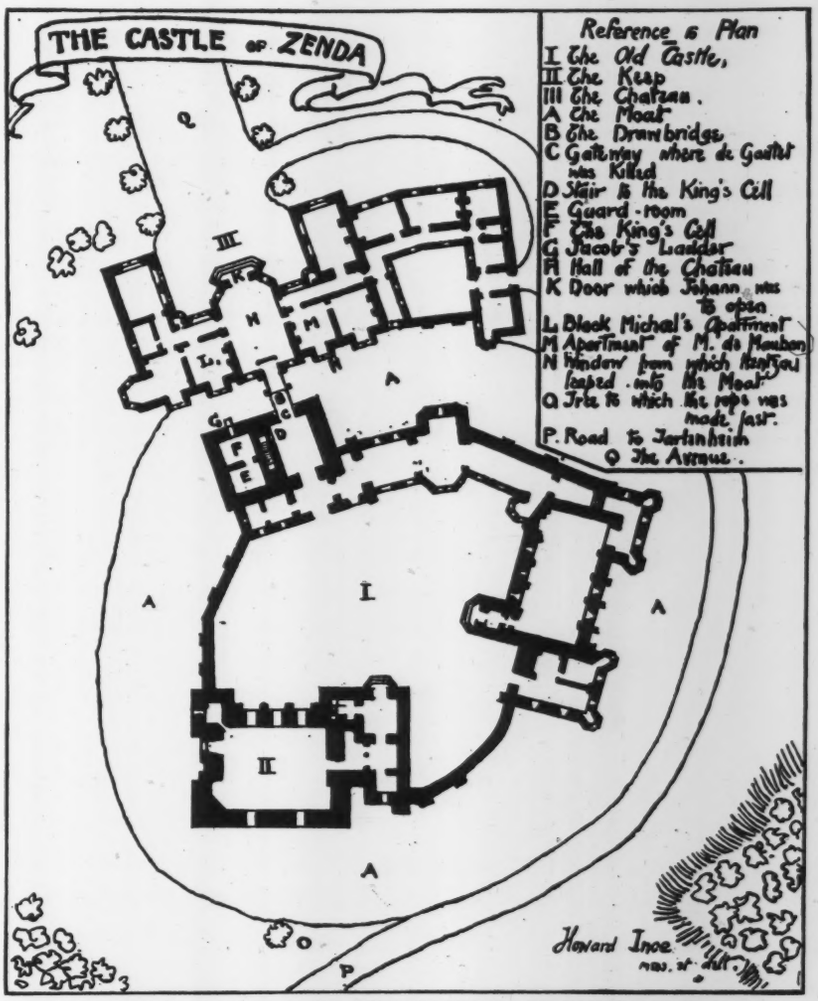
as to Rassendyll's decision. He could never have been a rogue, even to please the Queen and Sapt—even to please the readers of his history.

A word must be said of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's illustrations. They are, unfortunately, altogether inadequate, hopelessly out of sympathy with the romance. The Castle of Zenda is not to be found on Fifth Avenue, New York, and Rudolph Rassendyll and Queen Flavia have nothing in common with the ultra-modern, ultra-American men and women of Mr. Gibson's drawings. J. E. H. W.


THE CASTLE OF ZENDA
Reference to Plan
I The Old Castle,
II The Keep
III The Chateau.
A The Moat
B The Drawbridge
C Gallery where de Gautet was killed
D Stair to the King's Cell
E Guard-room
F The King's Cell
G Jacob's Ladder
H Hall of the Chateau
K Door which Johann was to open
L Black Michael's Apartment
M Apartment of M. de Mauban
N Window from which Rupert leaped into the Moat
O Tree to which the rope was made fast.
P Road to Jarlsheim
Q The Avenue.
Howard Ince

GROUND PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF ZENDA. BY HOWARD INCE.
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A NEW THEORY OF PLATO.*

For reasons which it would be interesting to follow out, but with which I am not now going to meddle, Plato, immense in reputation as he always must be, has never taken hold of the English intellect. He remains a brilliant star, shining above some other heaven than theirs. Yet we may hope that this bold and suggestive accession to the literature of Platonism will find readers, and, if students, so much the better. It comes to us from Dorpat, is due to the influence of Teichmüller, and attempts, in a way which to many will not be unknown, the task of reconstituting Plato's mental history by fixing, on intrinsic arguments, the date and succession of his Dialogues. Not unfamiliar, I say, is this method, which professes to be at once literary and scientific. It has been applied in England to the obscure but always fascinating question of Shakespeare's Plays; and, if not in so minute and exhaustive detail as we find here, yet sufficiently to urge the daring speculator on constructing a biography of the poet which shall give us his mind in its various stages. Mr. Lutoslawski has weighed in a fine balance no fewer than "five hundred peculiarities of Plato's style, observed in fifty-eight thousand cases, collected in the course of fifty years, by some twenty authors working independently." He proceeds to determine the chronology of about twenty Dialogues by this means, and then deduces a scheme of the Platonic development which is largely original, and, if it could be accepted, would revolutionise our opinions as hitherto founded on an ancient tradition and a series of critics more or less competent.

"It is ascertained," says the author confidently, "that the theory of ideas, generally believed to be the unique form of Plato's logic, was only a first attempt." When past fifty he produced a new logical system, in which he anticipated some conceptions of modern philosophy, "arriving at the recognition of the substantial existence of the individual soul, and substituting a classification of human notions for an intuition of divine ideas." It seems curiously inappropriate to describe these two acquisitions of the elderly Plato as modern, seeing that they exhaust a good deal of the Aristotelian treatises. But the question will also recur to us whether, in acknowledging the individual soul, and in classifying its elementary notions, it becomes necessary to give up every doctrine which asserts an "intuition of divine ideas." Logically, there is no such constraint, and, historically, all these views have been held in combination, so that we have still to determine whether, in the Platonic Dialogues, growth implies rejection, or does not carry us up into a larger synthesis. The mediæval systems, at all events, following Augustine, maintained some kind of knowledge of the divine ideas, as well as a logic of notions depending upon experience though not wholly furnished by it.

However, that is the problem, and Mr. Lutoslawski helps us in all manner of ways to its solution. He is much taken with English writers, like the late Dr. Thompson, of Trinity, Cambridge, and Professor Lewis Campbell, who have done such excellent work in different provinces of Platonism. That his method is too scientific in a matter which hardly allows of mathematical precision, will be generally admitted. That in essence it is rational, and much superior to the blind acceptance of unauthenticated traditions, not a few will grant. And that in applying it we should upset the story of a Megaric period, and derange the order established by Zeller, may be a positive gain. No one who has carefully thought out the data which are here given will, for instance, ever dream of the "Phædrus" as being a juvenile production, or can fail to see that the "Republic" is far from having such authority as it might claim had no other works of a very different cast followed upon it. The book is a monument of industry, and it may well sharpen the insight of those—they will be many, perhaps—whom its arguments do not wholly convince. Is it a translation? It reads exceedingly well.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic," with an Account of his Style, and the Chronology of his Writings. By Wincenty Lutoslawski. 21s. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.)

THE FIRST PHILOSOPHERS OF GREECE.*

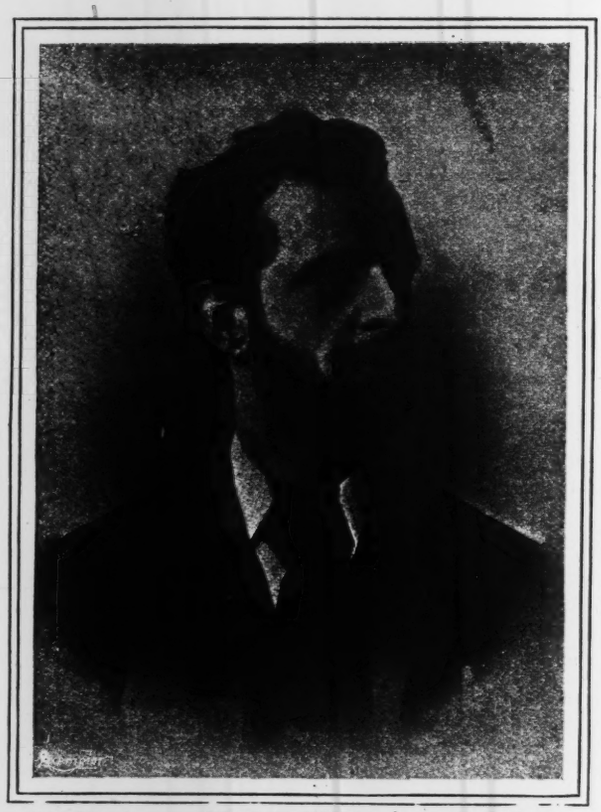
To the past generation of philosophical students, few text-books were so useful as Ritter and Preller's *Historia Philosophiae Graecae et Romanae.* Mr. Fairbanks presents us with a modernised "Ritter and Preller," although those industrious scholars are never mentioned by him. The modern scholar has considerable advantages for his work. He has more trustworthy editions of ancient documents. He has the guidance of such scholars as Zeller, Bernays, Bywater, Burnet, and Diels, so that it may not present itself as a quite hopeless task to collect sufficient fragments of the Pre-Sokratic thinkers to discover to us what they really thought.

* "The First Philosophers of Greece." An edition and translation of the Remaining Fragments of the Pre-Sokratic Philosophers, together with a translation of the more important accounts of their opinions contained in the early epitome of their works, by Arthur Fairbanks. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

Mr. Fairbanks has done his work well. He has put into the hands of the student an accurate Greek text of the fragments of the early philosophers of Greece; he has told us where these fragments individually and severally are preserved; he has translated them; and he has added a translation of the important passages bearing on these thinkers in Plato, Aristotle, and the Greek Doxographists. He has thus furnished the student with an adequate apparatus for the Pre-Sokratic period. Indeed it may be said that Mr. Fairbanks' careful manual is indispensable for any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the beginnings of Greek philosophy. MARCUS DODS.

THE EVOLUTION OF A GRAND MUJIK.*

It is close on half a century since Leo Tolstoy's first book was written. His last is not published yet. To this generation and to the last he has preached his gospel—not without some result, though less than his disciples would have wished.



From Photo by] MR. G. H. PERRIS. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

To revolutionise a social order which is the slow growth of centuries is not the work of only one lifetime. Count Tolstoy cannot bring in a regenerated world—not even a regenerated Russia—on his unaided shoulders, and his nation has an interminable patience that will not be hurried.

Meanwhile Europe has got to know Tolstoy, and the Russian Government and the *mujik*. Almost everybody who takes an interest in humanity—or even in the last new novel—knows who the Count is and what he has done, and even what he has aimed at doing. It scarcely needed another book to tell us only that. But Mr. Perris has set himself to tell us more, to show not merely what Tolstoy has done, but how he came to do it; not merely what manner of man he is, but how he came to be so. He discusses old and young Russia, not for the sake of studying history or sociology, but for the sake of understanding the moral and social environment into which Count Nicholas Tolstoy's son was born, and of estimating its influen ce upon his character. And so on through all the stages of his career; his friendships, his quarrels, his writings, his actions are discussed only as throwing light upon the development of his personality. Mr. Perris wants to dig up the roots of his being to see how it grew. He does it very completely, and for the most part very successfully. He dissects his subject to the last fibre, lays bare each cell and examines each process; but, naturally, when any attempt is made to piece the whole together again the result is somewhat disjointed. Yet that may well be the fault of the subject rather than of the synthesis; for Tolstoy is not a model of consistency. He contradicts himself often, as Mr. Perris candidly points out. The fact is, he is a genius, naturally versatile, who has given himself over to a single set of ideas. He has, or allows himself, but one method of thought, but he has a score of methods of expression. And by the very minuteness of his microscopic method he is continually lighting on new ideas, which will not always range themselves side by side with the dead symmetry of a regiment of tin soldiers. Mr. Perris himself finds his hero's contradictions puzzling, and is wise enough to accept them as contradictions, and not seek to torture them into an unnatural unanimity. On one page he says: "The nearest English parallel to Tolstoy is Bunyan." Further on he calls him "the Jeremiah of our day." And again, "the Russian Cœur-de-Lion." A fair example, surely, of the

> "Man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

This is much what Mr. Perris thinks of him. "Not one, but many," he says, "a people incarnate." "For this is the unknown quantity men call Russia: an immeasurable devotion, an immeasurable patience, an immeasurable industry, an immeasurable hunger for holiness. And the heart of Russia is Leo Tolstoy." It is easy to see that Mr. Perris is an enthusiast. Yet his appreciation, though warm, is just and fair. He is not always lucid, nor always convincing, but he is interesting from first to last. A study so detailed of almost any human soul would be interesting, but especially of a soul so unique as that of Tolstoy. H. R.

* "Leo Tolstoy, the Grand Mujik." A Study in Personal Evolution. By G. H. Perris. 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE "ALBANY" MACAULAY.*

Writing from Rome in December, 1838, about his plans for his proposed "History," Lord Macaulay says, "I really think that posterity will not willingly let my book die." It is now fifty years since the first two volumes were published. During that half century over one hundred and eighty thousand copies have been sold in the United Kingdom alone, and now Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. are resetting the type of the whole series of works and issuing this entirely new edition. The event has more than justified the author's confidence.

There is a special appropriateness about the title which distinguishes this edition. It was in Lord Macaulay's rooms in the Albany that most of his best work was done. There the famous Speeches and the still more famous Lays were revised and corrected. There the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings—which "every schoolboy knows"—were written; and there, too, the first four volumes of the History were planned and completed. Such advantages as leisure and luxury can give to a writer Macaulay had. He was privileged to write only when in the mood, and never to work except when at his best. To this he attributed much of his success. "There are," he says, "few lees in my wine. It is all the cream of the bottle."

The publishers have spared no pains to make this new edition as attractive as possible. Each volume contains an excellent portrait; several are here reproduced for the first time. That of Lord Macaulay himself from Claudet's photograph is admirable. Among others we are promised Sir John Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone, now in the possession of Lord Rosebery.

The series of works is to be completed in twelve volumes. Of these the History extends over six, the Essays and Biographies over four, and the Speeches and Lays, with Indexes, etc., over the remaining two. The volumes are being included in the reissue of the popular "Silver Library," and have all the advantages of tasteful binding and moderate price.

MONTAIGNE.†

Montaigne is the good friend of many an Englishman; and two made names for themselves by turning his genial wisdom into their own tongue. But English critics have been mostly content to laud or impugn his opinions and attitude to life; they have done nothing to gather up the meagre facts about his career—for meagre they are, in spite of his confidences in

* "The Works of Lord Macaulay (Albany Edition). History of England." Vols. 1-4. 3s. 6d. each. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

† "Michel de Montaigne." A Biographical Study. By M. E. Lowndes. (Cambridge University Press.)

the "Essays"—or investigate his work and character as it appeared to his contemporaries. An enormous critical literature has grown about him, the chief works of which, M. Malvezin's, M. Grün's, and M. Bonnefon's, can only be known to a few specialists among us. Mr. Lowndes is not exactly an investigator at first hand; but he is what we wanted even more, a cool and critical examiner of what the essayist's countrymen bave done to elucidate his life and work. He has gone with them, or rather after them, to the sources, and gone with an awakened judgment, correcting their inferences and drawing his own with independence and sobriety. His book is, therefore, far more than a recapitulation of other people's labours. His grasp of the man's character is firm; and out of the few facts actually known he has virtually made a new biography. At least, he has shown Montaigne, the subj ect of many private experiments in education, and the participator in the great educational revival of his time, to be something of a rebel against all systems, and a sceptic in this more even than in other matters. Just how far and how little he was a courtier, just how his ideals and his practice of citizenship and public work were at variance, has never been so plausibly and precisely stated before.

On the critical side it is a singularly able and an original book. There is hardly a superficial word in it. There is no rhapsody. It will not satisfy the new enthusiast, perhaps, as does Emerson's eloquent and somewhat fanciful essay. But whether one likes it or no, the truth lies mainly in Mr. Lowndes's sober pages. One would like to quote again and again to show the points he makes to prove his discrimination, and the fine shades of his criticism. To the careless reader Montaigne is a man out of whose mouth anything can be proved. This reader needs to follow the composition of the essays with this elucidator, who calls them "the accumulated reflexions, if not of a lifetime, at least of a whole maturity and age—reflexions not modified one by another, nor moulded to a dominant scheme, but set down as occasioned by all variety of incitement, and at often considerable intervals of time"; he needs to learn that they are a "progress of humours," that their writer is no guide to opinions, but a great master of the practical methods of thought. And Mr. Lowndes has flashed a clear light on Montaigne's order of mind by doubting whether he, "interested chiefly in those ultimate questions of life and death to which science at length admits herself unequal, would have been so much impressed even had he foreseen the whole structure of experiential knowledge," otherwise modern science. Never before has the Italian Journal been used as a "witness to Montaigne's Bohemianism and capacity—not of his time—for purposeless and light-hearted wandering."

There can be no serious fault finding with the book. But a few things have surprised me. He repeats the eulogy of La Boetie somewhat conventionally. La Boetie lives for us still because Montaigne loved and idealised him. He was an able man of high character, but he had more of pedantry than Mr. Lowndes will admit. Perhaps his character was "at once stronger and more simple" than his famous friend's. He was safeguarded by his simplicity; but the comparison suggests a defect in Montaigne, who yet would not have been Montaigne had he been simple—perhaps only a pettifogging magistrate. Then his attitude to Christianity is somewhat over-elaborately explained. There, indeed, he was simple. When you have mentioned that the essayist was always inclined to uphold, in moderation, existing things, you have said all. There is not a line in him that can seriously be taken to have a genuinely Christian meaning. I think, too, there is a good deal that is fanciful in finding Montaigne philosophically systematised in Descartes. Then there is a needless insistence on his want of exact scholarship. His plentiful loose Latin and his meagre Greek have served us excellently. This is the kind of criticism not worth making about imaginative writers; and Montaigne was such as much as if he had used the dramatic form, and Mr. Lowndes owns it. And here is a passage in which more than any other in the book I find convention uppermost and the critical spirit astray. "He was of that order of mind which, however readily active in response to external stimulus, is wanting in the inner springs of action, and, having neither the co-ordinating nor the volitional impulse, is content to accept the world fragmentarily, as it is presented in experience, and seeks neither to remould it in actuality to an ideal nor to reduce it to unity of thought. His was the order of mind that falls into place naturally as a spectator, not as an actor in life, etc." This sounds almost like a complaint. Whether it be such or not, is it accurate? Is it not mostly empty words? What is meant by "action"? Montaigne took his place among the workers, the actors—though in a debonair and unobtrusive fashion—when he set the example of clear judgment, when he set the fashion of realism in the attitude towards existence. His observation of life brought material to his singularly active and inciting mind. If he had set about reforming the world—the little scrap of world within the most gifted vision—would his notions have been less fragmentary? They would only have been less consciously so. True, he is with all the natural science pioneers in his fragmentary contributions to knowledge. But neither was he, nor are they, of necessity, intellectually "content to accept the world fragmentarily," though they may be so, as Montaigne was, by temperament. The passage simply means that he did not invent a system which would vaguely contain the world, otherwise the contents of the inventor's imaginings. But he dug diligently in his own little garden, and his system of cultivation is still that in use by such active observers of life as are more concerned with truth than with sentiment.

These are meagre criticisms; but a careful reading of Mr. Lowndes's book has called for none more serious.

A. M.

A NUN'S NOVEL.*

It is not in any ignorance of convents and their ways that Signorina Vivaria has taken the veil. "Via Lucis" is a study—evidently from personal knowledge—of the conflicting claims of the cloister and the human affections on the life of a passionate, highly gifted, and independent-minded woman. Arduina flings herself with enthusiasm into each life in turn, only to find disappointment and disillusionment. The words from "Omar Khayyam," "There is a door to which I found no key," stand justly on the title-page, for they give the key-note of the book. In the cloister she finds petty spite and jealousy, self-conceit, narrowness, and ignorance. Out of it she finds a continual striving and unrest, love which does not last, and wealth which is weariness. The secret of happiness is beyond her finding, and the book ends with the "savour of ashes" and "a reek as of extinguished lights." The key is not found. And we see how it has come about that the writer is now a nun.

We are sorry, for several reasons, that she will write no more novels. For one, because the book is full of promise, and we should have looked forward with anticipation to the fruit of her developing powers. For another, because it might have been hoped that the dreary philosophy of this first effort would be corrected by the influence of a more genial maturity. As it stands it is a striking work—a little exaggerated perhaps here and there, unless the precocity of the South explains the bitter sarcasm and trenchant philosophy of Arduina's fifteen-year-old reflections. The love passages are not too passionate for Italy. The Frasso scenes are full of brightness and vivacity and the charm of a Mediterranean holiday.

In spite of amateurish touches, and a tendency to excessive analysis of emotion, in spite of—perhaps because of—a very distinct note of femininity, the book has an undeniable fascination. It ends, as we have said, in gloom, perhaps inevitably in the circumstances. There is no highly-coloured tragedy in these last chapters. It is simply that all the beauty and all the sunshine are gradually made to fade out of life, and at the end the reader feels as if he stood beside a tomb. "Via Lucis" is a misnomer. It is a Via Tenebrarum. The light is only by the way. We leave Arduina at last among the shadows.

PERSONAL FORCES OF THE PERIOD.†

It is impossible to sum up the intentions or the effects of Mr. Escott's book in a word or two. It consists of thirty essays on distinguished men and women (all living save Sir Edward Burne-Jones), whom he chooses out as having particularly influenced our age. There are politicians, diplomatists, theologians, lawyers, literary men, and painters among them. Those he includes show his catholic interests and wide social instincts, and yet there are glaring omissions. The attitudes he assumes towards them are very diverse. Now we gather he is talking of an intimate, now of someone who is a mere name to him.

* "Via Lucis." By Kassandra Vivaria. 6s. (Heinemann.)

† "Personal Forces of the Period." By T. H. S. Escott. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Now he seems intent on saying the agreeable and conventional thing; again he surprises us by the originality of his standpoint. A few personal details of the most trifling kind surprise us; they were inserted because the information lay handy, we suppose. In only a few cases is there any attempt at a finished portrait, and the very incompleteness is some guarantee of reliability. In the best essays Mr. Escott has dwelt either on the traits that interest himself or on those that are not popularly known. Thus his papers on Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt deal mostly with the journalistic days of these distinguished statesmen; and they are the more interesting therefore. Occasionally an idea runs away with him, and the inquiring foreigner who may read his book will wonder much at the susceptibility of our House of Commons, quelled, delighted, ruled by the airy grace, and nothing else, of Mr. Balfour. Yet the political, with the academic, portraits are the best. Lord Rosebery's friends may quarrel with his representation here; but he has been paid the compliment of a cool and fairly complete examination. And about the Duke of Devonshire's career Mr. Escott is original enough to prophesy. The prophecy, by directing that statesman's attention to an interesting and quite possible project, may fulfil itself.

Other portraits are almost unrecognisable. Mr. Alfred Austin might never have had an adverse critic. As Poet Laureate he is treated as part of the British Constitution, to be introduced and accepted without other comment than official eulogy. Indeed, the literary papers are the least successful, and sometimes they are puzzling. For instance, the account of Mr. Meredith is preceded by a disquisition on Australian literature, evidently for the sole purpose of stating that one of our two foremost novelists has had the honour of influencing Mrs. Patchett Martin and Mrs. Campbell Praed! The same essay contains the following curious passage:—"This lady is a brilliant type of the thoughtful woman of letters who is not too profound or great for the active work of daily life. She is thus as much as possible the opposite of that type of literary lady who was a social force fifty years ago, and who, studying to improve her kind with the pen of Miss Martineau, found herself too good for ordinary social intercourse with her fellow-creatures." The lady in question is Miss Corelli. Leave alone the literary judgment—as one must in sheer despair at hearing it out of the mouth of Mr. Escott. But is the attitude towards life and society of those two "personal forces," so gratuitously compared with each other, fairly described?

MR. E. H. COLERIDGE'S POEMS.*

Family piety is the ruling inspiration of this book of pleasant verses.

> "I sing unheeded, yet am I the son
> Of a poetic race, whose earlier song
> With Orphic spell led listening hearts along,
> Or ere the summer of the world was done."

So with modesty and pride he writes. "S. T. C." is, very naturally, a divinity to him.

> "'Earth hath not anything' so great to show,
> No voice is wise and wonderful as thine."

To the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, a fellow biographer of the great poet, he bursts out—

> "Glorious S. T. C., the chosen friend of the noblest;
> Singer of stately songs, and singer of tenderest love notes—
> Lord of the legions of thought, the myriad-minded magician,
> Priest of invisible rites behind the veil of the senses."

Keswick, and that southern spot where "Coleridge clasped his Genevieve," are holy ground to him. The Brent, too, for his father's sake, is commemorated, for

> "thou wouldst mingle in the dream
> Of one who paced thy shore,
> Mindful of that far Cumbrian stream,
> Whose name he loved and bore."

Indeed, the son of Derwent Coleridge has for his father a double homage, both filial and poetic.

> "Thou, and thy brother and thy sister grew
> By Hippocrene—ye lipped its brim!
> Thy friends were poets. In thy mindful ears
> What melodies must ring!"

This piety interests us quite apart from the other facts and qualities of Mr. Coleridge's verse. It is verse with charm and thought in it, nevertheless—with more of these than nicety of form. But in the Strophe and Antistrophe, where he has caught Clough's metre and manner, to express the test of youth and age, he is wholly successful. Here is Youth.

> "O Life of flowers that bud and grow!
> O Sun that has to shine!
> O river with thy course to flow!
> O Man not yet divine!
> O strength to climb the mountain side!
> O scorn of things below!
> We live to test the yet untried,
> And Death—we die to know."

Let readers find the no less delightful Antistrophe, on Age, for themselves.

* "Poems." By Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

VICTOR HUGO'S "ALPS AND PYRENEES."*

With his characteristic enthusiasm Mr. Swinburne makes of criticism a rhapsody or a diatribe, and when he has reviewed a book we learn a great deal of his mood of the moment, but are hardly saved the trouble of independent judgment. Perhaps it was his swelling praise of "Alpes et Pyrénees" that caused Mr. Manson to undertake this English version of a pleasant book, but one that did not call aloud to be translated. Victor Hugo's casual work—and this was made out of notes scribbled on the march and of letters to his wife and friends—is very capricious in quality. It is three parts rhetoric, and sometimes bombastic rhetoric; in the rest there are many unashamed platitudes. But there are passages straight from the mind and heart of a man of genius. Travellers skimming it in the Alps and Pyrenees will find their own impressions quite as interesting, and begin to grow elate at the fact. Then a turn of the page will quench their vanity and kindle their minds.

It is in this book he tells the incident which must be the envy of every poet. He was at Biarritz, when Biarritz was still wild and primitive. "I was walking," he says, "at low tide among the grottoes, looking for shell-fish and frightening the crabs, which fled obliquely from me and buried themselves in the sand. I heard a voice which came from behind a rock, singing the following stanza with some mixture of patois, but not enough to prevent me from distinguishing the words:

> 'Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine,
> Chantait ainsi:
> Quelqu'un a-t-il connu doña Sabine.
> Quelqu'un d'ici?
> Pansez, chantez, villageois, la nuit gagne
> Le mont Falou.
> Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
> Me rendra fou.'

It was a woman's voice. I turned the corner of the rock. The songstress was a bather. She was a young and beautiful girl. . . . On perceiving me, she came half-way out of the water and began to sing her second verse. Seeing that I was standing motionless on the rock listening to her, she said to me with a smile, in a jargon composed of French and Spanish:

"'Senor estrangero, conoce Usted cette chanson?'

"'I think I do,' I said to her. 'A little.'"

Here was applause in its sweetest form. To make a song on the model of a folk-song of a foreign country, and to find it on the lips of a beautiful peasant, is a reward exceeding all that London or Paris can offer to a poet.

Amongst the Pyrenees at the time he wrote, he found himself between two worlds—the old and the new. He was a man of both, like all poets; and he watched the struggle with the intense anxiety that ordinary mortals only feel for personal matters. His reflections here are not platitudes. "Revolutions," he says, "do not handle ancient liberties any the less rudely than they handle ancient power. . . . They labour for posterity, and take at the actual moment the measure of the Europe of the future. Hence those vast generalisations which are so hardly absorbed by ancient peoples, and which take such small account of the old manners, the old laws. . . . the old facts. . . . How, indeed, should they have time to distinguish, to select, to prune? They do not come to weed the field, but to shake the earth. A revolution is not a gardener; it is the breath of God." This is the language of 1848. It is also the language of every courageous time.

The book has a pathetic interest derived from a melancholy event in Hugo's career that brought the second journey suddenly to a close. In the Ile d' Oleron he was overcome by depression. The island seemed to him desolate and sinister.

* "The Alps and Pyrenees." By Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by John Manson. (Bliss, Sands.)

The solitude was inhuman, and weighed on his heart. "I had death within my soul" . . . he wrote in this diary. "It seemed to me that the island was an immense coffin lying on the surface of the sea, and that the moon was but a torch illuminating it." He fled to Rochefort, only to hear of the drowning of his daughter and her husband at Villequier. He wrote no more concerning his journey; the end of it is immortally chronicled in the "Contemplations."

FAMILY ARCHIVES.*

Not the least of the debts which literature owes to the publication of those delightful "Verney Papers" is the stimulus thereby given to other *châtelaines* to unlock their muniment rooms and shake the dust from some of the treasures stored therein. Hardly can there be prettier reading than the familiar letters that are the wreckage of time, so curiously alive for all the yellowing years of their oblivion, so poignant with the stories of ancient joys and ancient sorrows that they reveal, so fragrant with the intimacy, the self-revelation, of souls that long ago are dust or spirit. And if they chance to cast a light upon some one of the many problems so dear to the literary antiquarian, or let us say rather, to the student of the workings of genius, then it is indeed a double measure of gratitude that one owes. To Lady Newdigate-Newdegate such a measure, not double merely, but doubly redoubled, is assuredly due, for a brace of books in both of which this twofold interest, critical and humane, is abundantly shown.

The letters in "Gossip from a Muniment-Room" are considerably earlier in date than those in "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor." They were for the most part written to Mistress Newdegate, afterwards Lady Newdegate of Arbury, in Warwickshire, between 1595 and 1615. Anne Newdegate was by birth Anne Fitton, daughter of Sir Edward Fitton of Gawsworth, in Cheshire. Her younger sister was Mary Fitton, whom a popular theory identifies with the "Dark Lady" of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Lady Newdigate-Newdegate's book has been expected with some interest, in the hope that it might throw fresh light on the question of this identification. I am afraid that it does not really bring us much nearer to a solution. Certainly it gives no support to the somewhat fantastic theories by which Mr. Tyler attempted to explain that broken "bed-vow" of the Dark Lady which has given so much trouble. There is no hint or suggestion of any marriage of Mary Fitton before that with Mr. Polwhele, which can now be fixed in 1606 or 1607. But, on the other hand, the letters that now come to light for the first time show that, for several years before the period of her disgrace, Mary was being assiduously courted by Sir William Knollys, the Comptroller of the Royal Household. Knollys was an elderly man, and he already had a wife, but nevertheless he appears to have looked confidently forward to making Mary her successor. These facts have suggested to Mr. William Archer an alternative theory to that of Mr. Tyler. He supposes the "bed-vow" to have been some conditional promise given by Mary Fitton to Knollys, in whom he finds a third "Will," besides "Will" Herbert and "Will" Shakespeare, for the poet's punning. The hypothesis is ingenious, and deserves consideration. Personally, I am somewhat sceptical about it. Knollys confided his relations with Mary to her sister Anne as a deep secret, and though his infatuation is almost sure to have been Court gossip, it is highly improbable that the supposed "vow," if it existed, could have been made public. That Shakespeare did allude to the Knollys-Fitton affair in a play is, I think, a fact; I suspect that it gave him a dramatic motive for Malvolio and, perhaps, Mistress Mary in "Twelfth Night." But as for the Sonnets, I believe that they were written long before Mary Fitton came on the scenes. The extraordinary thing is that people persist in this identification in face of the fact that Mary Fitton was not a "Dark Lady" at all. Here is what Lady Newdigate-Newdegate says :—

"From the portraits at Arbury, Mary was in no respect the brunette described by Shakespeare. . . . Mary . . . was fair, not 'dun'-complexioned, her hair was brown, not 'black wires,' and her eyes were grey, not 'raven-black.'"

Since "Gossip from a Muniment-Room" appeared, Mr. Tyler, who still clings to the Pembroke-Fitton theory of the Sonnets, has written a pamphlet in which he impugns the authenticity of the portraits on which Lady Newdigate-Newdegate relies. And so the controversy wags merrily along.

In "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor" we are still concerned with Newdigates, but with Newdigates of a much later period. Sir Roger Newdigate of Arbury Manor was a highly respectable and even accomplished country gentleman, and the founder of the annual prize for an English poem in the University of Oxford. In 1776 he married his second wife, Miss Hester Mundy, and the majority of the letters here printed were written by this Lady Newdigate to her stay-at-home husband during a series of journeys in search of health or entertainment to London, or to some fashionable watering-place of the day. The matter of critical interest is, of course, that these Newdigates, and certain events in their family history, served George Eliot, who was herself born at Arbury, with material for "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" in "Scenes from Clerical Life." Lady Newdigate-Newdegate, however, points out that George Eliot was too young to have known her models personally, that she has manipulated at her free will all the incidents that suggested the tale, and that the only figure in it which can be regarded as much of a portrait is Sir Christopher Cheverel himself, in whom many characteristic traits of Sir Roger Newdigate are preserved. But the letters are more than well worth reading for their own sake. They give a delightful picture of the relations between the writer and her husband and other relatives, and a vivid insight into the realities of that "Wells" life, which one knows best from the pages of Miss Austen. Need it be said that they triumphantly justify Miss Austen's victorious art? When Lady Newdigate describes the company at Buxton, you can hardly credit that it is not a page from "Emma" or from "Sense and Sensibility" that you read.

"Your Brother Baronet has made an attempt to change ye Dinner and Supper hours to 3 and 9, but it does not take; they are very troublesome, discontented people. I believe if you had seen ye beautiful Mrs. Fox in Tears, as I did last night, you would have challeng'd ye old Square Toes, and poor Charles was in part ye innocent cause. It is quite impossible for him to keep out of a Scrape. Being examined by ye Bart in regard to our Suppers and what we paid, he own'd that we were charged but one Shilling, and it seems they pay two. Upon this Poor Mrs. Fox was attack'd and abused in very gross terms. So in she came to us with streaming eyes to beg we would explain to the Edmonstones that our Suppers were never anything more than a Tart and Cold Chicken, which we eat when ye Company went to Supper above, whereas the E . . . s order a hot supper of 5 or 6 dishes to be got at 9 o'clock. I assured her I would do all in my power to set ye affair in its proper light, which I have done, but her Ladyship made me a Short answer and looks so haughty and disagreeable that I believe our Acquaintance will end there."

It must be reluctantly admitted that Hester Newdigate, though a vivacious if not a very highly cultivated woman, and really affectionate to her own folk, was a little bit of what we should call, in these democratic days, a snob. "A parcel of shabs" and "charming vulgar" are phrases that rise readily to her pen anent the people she came across on her travels, and she is always careful not to rub shoulders with them more than she can help.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

MR. JAMES'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. James shows himself past master in the art of shadow painting. His play is enacted behind the scenes. Only in the intervals and at moments do the actors appear. His nameless heroine is a mere spectator of the shadow-play—a kind of latter day Lady of Shalott immured behind the prosaic lattice-screen of the Post-office in a grocer's shop. To her "shadows of the world appear" in the lines and spaces of telegraph-forms, and instead of counting stitches she counts words. She looks up when Sir Lancelot passes, and then, being at last "sick of shadows," she marries Mudge.

The outlining of Mudge is one of the best things in the book. We turn back over the pages to look for him, with his orderly little pocket-book and interminable calculations.

"Preparation and precaution were the natural flowers of Mr. Mudge's mind." With "immense discussions" he "mapped out their little week of idleness on the scale of a world-atlas," till it became a relief, as the days went on, that there was less left to cipher about. "What will you get out of that?" was the question of his scale-balancing soul, and "the only thing that was distinctly right was to be prosperous." Yet we like Mr. Mudge, and have read all that the book says about him at

* "Gossip from a Muniment-Room." By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. 7s. 6d. (Nutt.)
"The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor." By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. 10s. 6d.

* "In the Cage." By Henry James. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth and Co.)

least four times. His rôle in life was to be a grocer, and into grocery therefore he concentrated the forces of his being. An admirable, loyal, and single-hearted little man, worthy of a shop in Piccadilly!

Better even than Mr. Mudge, less amusing but cleverer, because more difficult, is the account of the freaks of imagination of the nameless heroine. She needs no name; she is abstract femininity—not a person, but a type—building gorgeous structures out of nothing at all, and, out of her eager self-consciousness, reading a thousand meanings in an idle gesture.

Here is the situation at once, in a couple of sentences, on the first page:—

"It had occurred to her early that in her position—that of a young person spending, in framed and wired confinement, the life of a guinea-pig or a magpie—she should know a great many persons without their recognising the acquaintance. That made it an emotion the more lively—though singularly rare, and always, even then, with opportunity still very much smothered—to see any one come in whom she knew, as she called it, outside, and who could add something to the poor identity of her function."

The situation obviously provides both for Mr. Mudge and Captain Everard, and "the young lady" is all the name needed as far as they are concerned. Her relations with Mrs. Jordan—who "did" flowers—are individual, however, and just for a moment we desire a closer identity. But, even to the last occasion, Mr. James's skill is sufficient.

Undoubtedly the book is a remarkably clever *tour de force*. But it is a great deal more. Its characterisation, its philosophy, its representations of life will bear the closest scrutiny.

It is no matter for surprise—for we know him already—but only for congratulation that Mr. James should have done excellently. But good though his book is in every respect, he himself is the best thing in it. Two-thirds of the charm lies in his characteristic style, his mosaic of little phrases, his prodigality of commas, and his refreshing confidence in the reader's intelligence. He does not explain; he indicates. And if his intention, at a rare time, through eccentricity of syntax or our own dulness, is not obvious, his hold on us is strong enough to keep us on the spot till we have found it out.

THE BIBLE OF ST. MARK.*

There are few buildings in the world so commanding in interest and so rich in detail as to afford material for a volume of exposition extending to nearly 400 pages. And as St. Mark's attracts annually many thousands of visitors it is surprising that no one has attempted a complete guide to its beauties such as Dr. Robertson here gives. But the labour of compiling such a guide is so great that probably no one who has not had Dr. Robertson's opportunities of residence could have attempted it. Certainly no future visitor can safely dispense with his guidance, nor will any who uses his book regret that it has been left to him to furnish it. The photographs alone will be a surprise even to those who think they have seen St. Mark's. "With few exceptions none of the subjects have ever been photographed before. Indeed the very possibility of taking some of them . . . did not previously exist." Signor Carlo Naya has furnished nearly 100 full-page photographs, which have been admirably reproduced by Mr. Allen. The letterpress is well-arranged, lucid, and interesting. More care might have been spent on some of the inscriptions, but small slips do not mar the enjoyment furnished by this very beautiful and instructive volume, which is the best guide for all visitors to St. Mark's, and which will enable many who stay at home to know that wonderful building as well as if they had seen it.

MARCUS DODS.

GRAUN'YA UAILE, PRINCESS AND PIRATE.†

The Erse queen who ruled the Connaught O'Maelias of Elizabeth's day holds at best an uncertain place in history. That she existed we know, and that she held her independent chieftainship in spite of English domination and the treachery of fellow-countrymen, and made herself rich with the spoils of Spain. Legend and romance could not miss such a figure; tales of her beauty and her daring and her wonderful charm are rife among the traditions of the West. The force of her fascination has survived three centuries, and still has a power. Mr. Machray and Mr. O'Brien have fallen under its spell together. Mr. Machray writes of her as simple Grace O'Malley, an imperious child quickly developing into a woman. Mr. O'Brien describes her in her maturer years, and by her less familiar but more characteristic Celtic name. Of the two Mr. Machray's is the easier book to read. We have thoroughly enjoyed it, as we have enjoyed many another like it. There is plenty of hard fighting and dark treachery and brave fidelity, and a group of happy lovers at the end. We all know the kind of thing, and most of us like it. It is good, honest, rousing romance, to be read rather than talked about.

Mr. O'Brien's book is more mature, more elaborate, more characteristic. We cannot say that we all know this kind of thing, nor can we say that we shall all like it—at first. For our own part we frankly admit that we "wrastled" with the first chapter three several times before we mastered it. The outlandish names and phrases (even with a parenthetical translation) and the innumerable multitude of barely introduced characters were like to prove too much for our understanding as well as our patience. But perseverance brought its reward, and as soon as the "Queen of Men" came upon the scene we, like all the world, were brought into subjection. Mr. O'Brien writes like a true Irishman. He is impetuous, dramatic, emotional, exuberant in language, unrestrained in imagination. His Graun'ya Uaile is proud and passionate and fearless, a queen in storm and battle, a woman in her love and sorrow. Describing her, he says, "The salt sea air had been her breath of life, the tempest whirling the waves to mountain height her music; adventure, battle, danger ran like the fumes of a rich wine through her blood." The setting is the only possible one for such a woman—"the seductive round of prayer, fight, sport, love, and feasting which filled up the life of the ancient Irish prince." It was a word and a blow with the rough, ready-handed soldiers of Queen Bess's time. We cannot but feel as if the chronicle of their doings could best be described in Mr. O'Brien's words as "one evening's feast of throat-cutting." But those in whom the wild, superstitious clan life of three hundred years ago awakes any thrill of interest, and who are not easily shocked at bloodshed and strange oaths, will read, and maybe re-read, "A Queen of Men" with enthusiasm.

A ROMANCE OF NAPOLEON.*

In the earlier half of the century an attempt to represent Napoleon Bonaparte as a hero of romance, the object of a girl's devotion and himself an impassioned lover would have been received with incredulous impatience. He was acknowledged as a brilliant soldier—the more readily that we had a better to pit against him; but it was as an ambitious schemer and a remorseless tyrant, above all, as the destroyer of Europe and England's arch enemy that he was known on this side of the Channel. All of which was true, but not the whole truth. There was more in Napoleon than that, and of late years we have been finding it out. Researches have been made, documents unearthed, letters published, and students and *littérateurs* (chiefly French—though we have shared the benefit of their labours) have combined to shed what light they might find possible upon a subject hitherto but dimly understood. Miss Malling has studied the matter; she knows what light there is, and by her artist's imagination has focussed it into one point of fervid human interest. Her Napoleon is true in every feature to the Napoleon we know, but he is also true, as far as in fiction may be possible, to the Napoleon whom we do not know or are only learning to know. We have glimpses of him as a soldier, and we see the obverse of his ambition in his despair at the repulse in Egypt. His coarser and crueller side, too, is visible in his treatment of Josephine. But these are only glimpses, and the strongest light falls on his least familiar attitude, that of Edmée de la Feuillade's lover. Here, too, is evident the masterfulness of the future emperor. He is still Napoleon and his will is Fate.

* "The Bible of St. Mark. St. Mark's Church: The Altar and Throne of Venice." By Alexander Robertson, D.D. 10s. 6d. (George Allen.)

† "Grace O'Malley, Princess and Pirate." Told by Ruari Macdonald, Redshank and Rebel. The Same Set Forth in the Tongue of the English by Robert Machray. 6s. (Cassell and Co.)
"A Queen of Men." By William O'Brien. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

* "A Romance of the First Consul." By Matilda Malling. Translated by Anna Molboe. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Edmée is entirely an imaginary character; but exquisitely imagined. At eighteen, fresh from her country life and girlish dreams, she sees Napoleon reviewing his troops, and Royalist though she is, the sight of the conqueror seizes on her imagination. To a nature so ingenuous, so singlehearted and so proud, the thought of being loved by a hero, and of holding in her hand the happiness of a man whose lightest word could make history, appeals with irresistible strength. She finds in it all that love and pride can seek. While her romance lasts she glories in it; and knowing that it may not last for ever, she is content to risk the future, remembering only that "death does not run away from us." She will not live when the first brightness has passed, nor tolerate a single flaw in her romance. At the first threatening of a shadow she seeks her last remedy. It is the only appropriate ending.

To appreciate such a story it is necessary for the reader, by the exercise of such imagination as he can command, to transfer himself into the atmosphere of Josephine's court. The novelist does her part in making the transference easy; altogether easy it cannot be (fortunately) for the average Briton. But without it the subject will only strike him as unedifying and detestable, and he will miss the excellence of the book. For unquestionably it is an able one, admirably written and admirably translated, convincing as a historical study, effective as a romance, and, in every purely literary aspect, a finished specimen of the writer's art.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE PHILANTHROPIST. By Lucy Maynard. 6s. (Methuen.)

Looking back on this story it is not easy to say which of its two motives urged the writer with greater force. Ostensibly she has compiled her novel to show the ruin which the philanthropic habit works in a man's character, and she has been successful. Stephen Scott, with his restless benevolence, his love of interfering with his little world for its good, is very cleverly painted, and how the love of popularity mars his kindest acts is subtly suggested. Altogether there is a rare absence of exaggeration in the portrait. That he should do a mean, almost a criminally mean thing, to shield himself from blame, in order that his philanthropic work may not be injured, Miss Maynard convinces us to be probable, yet even at the end she forces us to think of him as neither a coward nor a vulgar charlatan—merely as a warning of the danger of self-indulgent benevolence, of interference, of exploiting one's own virtues, and of setting one's chief purpose in life above the plain straight duties of every day. But there is another motive ruling the book, and it is fulfilled in a dry, cold manner that hardly hides the fierceness behind. It is to show up the hideousness of the life in benevolent institutions. Charlotte Brontë had worse tales to tell of the Yorkshire Clergy Daughters' School, but she spoke of it with no more bitterness than does Miss Maynard of this orphan home, with its many privileges for which no one is grateful, its petty restrictions, the narrow, trivial, gossiping life among the women teachers, and their dull flirtations with the masters in the boys' school. The picture has a crude, vivid, most uncharming reality which suggests its being taken straight from actual life.

FOR THE REBEL CAUSE. By Archer P. Crouch. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"For the Rebel Cause" is a highly romantic tale, and written after a more old-fashioned model than the author's "Senorita Montenar." It is one more version of rivalry in love and war, and of love dividing the political sympathies of a daughter from those of her parents. Chili is again the scene of the adventures. The hero who has the favour of Mr. Crouch is a prominent Congressionalist, while the unfavoured one, otherwise the villain, is no less active on the side of Balmaceda. The heroine, a beautiful Spanish Chilene, Dolores by name, is of the good sentimental order, ready for swooning or sacrifice at the shortest notice. As relief to this conventional material comes the fighting, from the description of which we are convinced that there lies Mr. Crouch's real interest. That alone stirs him to vigorous and individual work; the love-making he is content to take out of an old stock. Yet to that same love-making, not for its own sake, but for its reminiscent powers, we have a soft side, Dolores has given Gaspar a rose for remembrance, with a doubt in her mind whether he will think it worth while to keep it. After many adventures and perils the lovers come together in happy circumstance, Don Pedro, the rival, being dead. She asks to see the keepsake in her lover's pocket-book, and the faded rosebud with its crumpled leaves is drawn out. In its centre lay a dull, round, metal disc. "What is that?" she asked, suddenly. "It is a bullet from Don Pedro's pistol, and it was the rose that saved my life." That is in strict and touching accordance with a good old tradition.

DICKY MONTEITH. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson)

It says much for Mr. Gallon's courage that he has chosen Dicky Monteith as his hero, and much for his skill that he persuades us to accept him. For Dicky, alas! was built in no heroic mould. Yet we are interested in his strange career and are relieved when, time after time, Fate steps in with a bank note to save the situation. Undoubtedly Dicky's own weakness was to blame for his straits, yet Mr. Gallon claims

From Photo by] MR. TOM GALLON. *[J. Caswall Smith.*

our sympathy for him, and by the very art of his pleading he secures it. To make Dorothy Weston fall in love with him is perhaps an extreme step, considering his record, but no doubt he shone by comparison with his brother. For our part we prefer Sally Flinders to any of her social superiors. Her dog-like devotion to Dicky and the expressive Cockney dialect in which she assures him of it are at once pathetic and amusing. There are some pretty little side issues which complete the story—the romance of Miss Tillotson and the Major, for example, and the career of old Tim. Undoubtedly Mr. Gallon can write. With a subject which in less skilful hands might have seemed unsatisfactory, he has made an effective and interesting story.

THE WHEEL OF GOD. By George Egerton. 6s. (Richards.)

On the score of pleasantness this book must rank high above "Keynotes" and "Discords," and the pleasantness is of a promising kind and composition. For the first time we see a strain of geniality running through George Egerton's work, and an absence of that lurid extravagance which seems to have been borrowed from an over zealous study of such literature as Bjornson's "Heritage of the Kurts." For the first time her men are made of flesh and blood, neither deified nor demonized, nor shrewishly scolded—treated, of course, rather as irresponsible children, but as children with whom one can be on companionable terms. "The Wheel of God" is her first novel. "Novel" is so loose a name that one cannot withhold it from the book,

but a story it assuredly is not. The gift of narrative is entirely lacking in her. In fact, the description of an incident is almost beyond her powers. She can but describe the effect of an incident on the mind of a spectator or participator. Up till this latest book the mind chosen has generally been a morbid, and sometimes an evil-thinking one; but we complain less of her methods when the mirroring soul is fresher, more generous, less ailing. The subject is the career of an Irish girl, of a sensitive, affectionate nature, and an unusually keen intelligence. Her childhood and youth are spent amid extreme and harassing poverty in Dublin, New York, and London. Then she marries twice, and reaches a sympathetic middle-age, her own affections not much satisfied, but with a fund of love and tenderness for other women into whose struggles and dreary lives she has gained deep insight. She has no adventures; she drifts on, winning experience, and giving no particular reasons for the steps she takes. Her career is very casual, like her biographer's methods. George Egerton can blame no reader for skipping. The fact is, skipping a dozen pages every now and again will make no difference to the understanding of the heroine. There are no fatal moments, no inevitable turnings of the way. Her marriage with D'Arcy need hardly have been mentioned, we think. The whole book is a succession of quite disjointed pictures of Irish, American, London, and English country life, with valuable kaleidoscopic qualities, and the vaguest of plans. Such a method leads to inattention, but the result is not dull. Mary Desmond is a likeable, human, conceivable woman, though not nearly so distinguished as George Egerton imagines her. This sympathetic participation in so many other people's lives could have been made out of much simpler stuff; her alleged equipment of intellect and other high things is quite superfluous. There is a great deal of irrelevant circumstance carefully set down, to the confusion of the reader. There is a gallery of well-drawn portraits of persons who have nothing to do with the matter at all. But these show at least better workmanship of detail than the writer has given us before, and that, combined with the healthier tone, rouses in us a hope and a respect for George Egerton which were never excited by the books that made her reputation.

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM. By Robert Herrick. (Macmillan.)

The excellence of Mr. Herrick's book lies not in the solution of any problem, nor in the promulgation of any theory, nor indeed in any form of docketing and setting apart of would-be final answers to the enigmas of existence. He simply tells a story and leaves us to draw what conclusion we like. The admirable thing is that his story is a particularly interesting one, and that he tells it remarkably well. It is concerned with Art and with Commerce, with Paris studios and Chicago syndicates, and with the excellences and abuses of both. The "problem," since there is no escaping the word, is connected with the difficulties of a broad-minded, clever woman, who finds herself brought face to face, on one side, with the insincerities of art jargon, and later, and in her own husband, with the sharp practices and dishonesties of speculative commerce. She had desired and hoped to share her husband's work, to cultivate wider interests than the merely domestic, and she finds herself and her conscience only in the way. Erard, a particularly contemptible type of irresponsible art-dabbler, who has loafed through life on her father's charity, feeds the flame of her discontent until she leaves her husband and goes to Europe. That is even a greater failure, and at last she learns that the best things are not got by striving. There are some delightful minor characters, particularly the faithful friend Molly, whose mere foolish womanliness is the one thing that does not spoil. The subject is one which is so often made tiresome and so often exaggerated that we are the more grateful to Mr. Herrick for providing us with a really readable story.

From Photo by] MR. ROBERT HERRICK. *[Koehne & Breisman.*

SHADOWS OF LIFE. By Mrs. Murray Hickson. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

These are very grey stories, depressing not because of the sadness of each, but because of their cumulative misery and the unrelieved monotony of their style. We have read work of this writer's we liked better, and, indeed, some of the tales are distinct failures—the first three, for instance, "Martha," "The End of a Dream" and "A Mistaken Identity." The writing is poor and thin, and the conceptions are commonplace. But in two or three cases she has risen far beyond the level of these; and in "A Vigil" and "The Little Foxes" we are given a very true, a very subtle reflection of the little jars of life, of the slight antipathies, the minor infidelities, the slow chills that kill love more certainly than does any crime. It would be well if Mrs. Hickson would forget all about "modernity." It strikes us she has no particular desire to deal with the subjects and phases of life that are classed under that name; and in dealing with them she has no special knowledge or skill. She seems to be merely echoing the talk of others and obeying a fashion of the hour. Her stories of typically modern life are very unimaginative; yet when her imagination is stirred she writes exceptionally well. "A Desert Story," which tells of a wife dying of thirst and horror at seeing her husband drink the last drop of water in their bottle—a horrible subject, but treated with a fine restraint—is probably the best thing she has ever written. It is all very well to say one should write of the life one knows best; but only a few of us can depict that life without infecting the reader with its dulness, with the desperate fatigue of its grey monotony.

OF NECESSITY. By H. M. Gilbert. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

It wants a strong faith in the ultimate good of things to read Mr. Gilbert's stories with equanimity. They are stories of London life, and Mr. Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets" are gay by comparison. Among gnawing poverty, grimy circumstances, domestic tyranny, starved desires, and the narrowest horizons, he finds his subjects. There is no relief anywhere, except it be in the comfort springing from some dim piety or religious observance; and the irony of events shows that to be commonly unavailing. Yet the writer's sadness is not wanton; nor does he give one the impression that he seeks the ugly and the tragic for their use to him as "copy." Plainly he is burdened with the gloom, the struggle, the hopeless outlook of life among the workers, more especially among the women, shut out by their duties from pleasure and sweetness, at the mercy of those they grind for. He has written an honest and a capable book, with a fund of unostentatious sympathy in it, and of righteous indignation too. One of the stories, "A Daughter of the Gods," is coarse as well as brutal; the others are merely brutal. There is no declamation; only plain and vivid pictures of things seen. That he has seen them, or truly imagined them, we do not doubt. Life is like that to many, and for long. But the reliefs, the relaxations, the excitements are there too, and are just as much a part of the reality. It is not merely self-indulgence, the desire to be left placid and hopeful, that calls for these to be given their true place. Mr. Gilbert's stories are not appeals to philanthropy; they are not tirades against the powers that be. He seems to

look on the evils he depicts as irremediable, because it is the instinct of one human being to prey upon another. Poverty he does not appear to regard as the cause, but rather as the barrier that prevents escape. He cries Woe, woe, and lamentation; yet as he cries, we feel no call to be up and to sweep away the evil things and places, only a strong desire to hide from them all. He touches our hearts, but he slackens our hands and wills.

THE MAKING OF A SAINT. By W. S. Maugham. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Maugham's gift is a well-defined one. He is not a many-sided man; his power lies in one direction; but in that one

MR. W. S. MAUGHAM.

direction it has a marvellous intensity and force. The subject of "The Making of a Saint" is far removed in time and place from that of "Liza of Lambeth," but the power which vitalized the one is identical with the power which vitalizes the other. It must be admitted that in his earlier book Mr. Maugham had a more satisfactory field. There he wrote of what he had seen; here only of what he has read and imagined. His imagination by no means fails in vividness, but some who recognise the value of true pictures of the things that are—even of the ugliest that are—may not be inclined to dwell with much pleasure on the lawless, often barbarous, life of mediæval Italy. Many will be altogether repelled by the book. It is one for the seasoned novel-reader, who is not easily shocked nor very impressionable. The "Saint" drank deeply of the wine of life before the first bitter taste of the dregs drove him into saintship. It is a usual road to sanctity—of a kind. Fra Giuliano's story is not an improbable nor an exaggerated one. And it is told with a vigour and an ability and an unshrinking directness which could hardly be surpassed. Justice is done to the nobler side of life—to the loyalty of friendship, the punctilious honour, the chivalry between man and man. For the rest, we are shown, in strong and bold outline, Italy as it was at the end of the fifteenth century, when intrigue and assassination were recognised political methods, when no cruelty was too barbarous to be practised on an enemy, when women had apparently little of either faith or tenderness, and when those who escaped a violent death were ready, when they had had their day, to turn, like Fra Giuliano, to the brown habit and hempen cord, with the despairing question on their lips, "O Ciechi, il tanto affaticar che giova?"

A STATESMAN'S CHANCE. By Joseph F. Charles. 6s. (Constable.)

We have not been able to discover what this particular statesman's "chance" consisted in. He certainly had a chance of getting rid of a most objectionable and idiotic wife. Being a very much finer fellow than she deserved, however, he did not take it, but rescued her at the last moment from a semi-Royal scamp, who, by the way, was remarkably glad to get rid of her. We have an earl and a bishop in the book, and a pack of kings, queens, and knaves, all alike silly and unnatural. It is an irritating story, pert, absurd, and gratuitously unpleasant.

SENORITA MONTENAR. By Archer P. Crouch. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Gallantry requires that the senorita's name should head the book, perhaps, but it is a novel with a hero who is a good deal more important and interesting. True, the young lady acts very correctly and very courageously according to tradition, connives at a prisoner's escape, takes many risks, and proves herself worthy to be the wife of a sailor in war time. But it strikes us Mr. Crouch only put in the love-interest because he felt he had to. What really concerns him are the adventures of an English naval officer, driven by hot-temper and ill-luck to enter the merchant service under a Spanish-Chilian master, and then, for similar reasons, forced to engage in the war of Chilian independence. His cruising in search of prizes is full of incident and hair-breadth escapes. But we feel he has nine lives at least, and when he is captured by the villain, Don Guido, imprisoned in a foul dungeon, with a death sentence hanging over his head, we know he will come out of the dark days all right. His escape and his hiding in the hollow tree will certainly appeal to all right-minded boys, for whose tastes Mr. Crouch is well fitted to cater.

THE YELLOW DANGER. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Shiel is a marvellous man. His audacity is splendid. He foretells the future—a ghastly vision. He relates the history of Armageddon. He slaughters not regiments, but races; he blows up not ships, but fleets. He harrows our very souls with prophecies of horror. He has written a remarkable, an extraordinary book, though its excellence is not literary—an extravaganza of unparalleled boldness that, whether we laugh or no, we cannot well help but read. It gratifies our national vanity, too, for England becomes the refuge of the distracted nations, and an English youth saves the world from ruin. Again and again throughout the pages there is a great complacent roaring of the British Lion. But—since we speak of roaring—the naval battles are really good—good reading, that is, for landsmen—we are no experts. And this at least seems true, that with our modern apparatus, so much stronger, as the writer points out, for attack than defence, the mutual destruction in a battle of ironclads would be appalling. On naval matters the book is interesting; when it imitates the statesmen

From Photo by [*W. G. Parker & Co.*

MR. M. P. SHIEL.

and newspapers of the day it is clever; when it discourses of tortures it is creepy; and when it drowns Chinamen—millions of them, with outstanding pigtails—in the Maelstrom it crosses the limit of horror and becomes comical. Mr. Shiel, we repeat, is a marvellous man, and his book is a marvellous book.

Sensation lovers should read it; they will shudder deliciously all the way. Sarcastic people will find it entertaining; and all who love a plucky writer will admire.

THE MODERN GOSPEL. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Constable.)

It is not often that the emancipated woman of fiction appears in such a pleasant guise as here. Mrs. Tregenven was charming even when she was most foolish, and good even after the Zeitgeist got hold of her, and she, as she puts it, "came to wreckage between the rocks of Materialism which is Dirt, and Positivism which is Nothing." Another thing for which Mrs. Penrose deserves special credit is that she has written a book with a special and very definite "purpose," and yet has succeeded

From an early Photo by] *[Berlin Studio, Cork.*
MRS. H. H. PENROSE.

in making a good story. True, the purpose is not all, nor even over prominent, and the vivisectionist is of such a fiendish cruelty, and so cold-blooded a murderer, that when, after experimenting unsuccessfully upon his own baby, he comes to a miserable end, the satisfaction is likely to be shared by readers of all shades of opinion. The Gore-Brownes are a capital type of an up-to-date literary family, and Mr. Tregenven, with his infinite capacity for forgiving, surely an ideal husband for a lady with a taste for wayward experiments. The book does not go deeply into anything, but it touches pleasantly on a good many interesting sides of life, and should not want for readers.

A CELIBATE'S WIFE. By Herbert Flowerdew. 6s. (Lane.)

We seem to have read something like this before. In our memory there floats about vaguely a remembrance of the austere-looking churchman, full of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, who indulges in every kind of secret sin, also of the cheerful, honest, heroic, and most moral infidel, and of the young woman who wavers between them, till her pure nature detects the vices under the saintly garb. But we own that Mr., or Miss, Herbert Flowerdew improves on the model. Canon Presyllet is the blackest of villains. Gabriel Lyne, maker of books, is on every occasion the most admirable of heroes. Angela Gaydon is the simplest, the most ingenuous of young ascetics, to the verge of being a quite improbable fool. Their careers have a most unhappy ending. Laudanum, murder—of entirely a moral kind, since the infidel did it—and prison, provide an impressively black close. There is a serious purpose in the story; we don't deny it, but give the writer the full benefit of whatever justification may be in the fact. Perhaps it is to tell once more that the fall of the "unco guid" is proportionate to their straining of human nature. Perhaps the book is directed against some dangerous movement towards celibacy among the clergy. But even Anglican celibates do not generally go through the form of marriage, and Angela's position is therefore morbidly, unfairly exceptional. Whatever its purpose, we have no hesitation in saying that a plausible, or even a seriously good purpose does not by any means excuse a coarse and clumsy treatment of such a subject, any more than Presyllet's vices were excused by his ascetic garb and holy speech; and "A Celibate's Wife" is one of the most disagreeable books we ever remember to have read.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE SAINTS. Edited by the Rev. G. Tyrell. 3s. each vol. (Duckworth and Co.)

As far as announced, the volumes of this series are all translations from continental writers—chiefly French. The series is intended, as the editor tells us, to enable "educated Catholics to approach the lives of the saints with a more intelligent sympathy." To a Protestant their interest lies chiefly in the opportunity of studying the Roman Catholic point of view. M. Henri Joly's "Psychology of the Saints" forms the first and introductory volume, preparing the way for the individual biographies which follow. M. Joly has much to say on the general subject of sanctity, meaning by the word not simply the idea of "holiness," which it conveys to a Protestant, but rather the special mode of existence of certain individuals and the whole apparatus of "extraordinary gifts, graces, and abilities" which has led to their canonisation. Belief in the Roman Catholic dogma is, of course, assumed all through, and the tone is elucidatory, rather than argumentative. The Life of St. Augustine, by Ad. Hatzfeld, which forms the first of the biographies, has excellent chapters on the theology and the philosophy of the Father. Other "Lives" are S. Vincent de Paul, by Prince Emmanuel de Broglie; and S. Clotilda, by G. Kurth. The volumes are prettily and rather strikingly bound in red and decorated with the fleur-de-lys.

SOME NEW TESTAMENT PROBLEMS. By the Rev. Arthur Wright, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. The Churchman's Library. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Burn publishes a most attractive prospectus of the volumes he means to include in the Churchman's Library, but if Mr. Wright's contribution is a fair specimen of what is intended, the laity are not so likely to profit as professional students. Mr. Wright's volume consists of a number of papers, each of which handles some critical question connected with the Synoptic gospels or with the Book of Acts. It might best be described as a supplement to his previous publications on the gospels. The theories advanced there are here explained and confirmed, and cognate problems are discussed. Of course the theory that the gospels represent different phases or cycles of the oral teaching of primitive days is everywhere in evidence, and receives some considerable confirmations. Besides discussing with vivacity and ingenuity the relation of the Synoptists to one another, Mr. Wright has much that is important and fresh to say on the origin of the Lord's Supper, the date of the Crucifixion, the gift of tongues, and certain difficult passages in the gospels. His explanation of the discrepancy between the Synoptics and the fourth gospel regarding the Last Supper is likely to find acceptance. Some of his suggestions will, perhaps, not stand scrutiny; but the volume as a whole is a contribution of decided value to the student of the gospels, and is indispensable to any who wish to see some of the best critical work of our generation.

SOME BIBLE PROBLEMS. By D. W. Simon, D.D., Principal of the United College, Bradford. 5s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Principal Simon is a robust and independent theologian who owns no master, party, or school. Very probably, therefore, his treatment of "Some Bible Problems" will be found too free for the rigidly traditional, too cautious for the advanced critics. To those who, like himself, wish to judge for themselves, his lectures will seem wise and timely. The "problems" almost entirely spring from Old Testament soil, and concern the relation of the Israelites to other peoples, the narrative of Genesis, the Fall, and Evolution. A good sketch of the critical view of the Old Testament is given. The book is fragmentary, but may prove useful as an introduction to critical studies and a judicious use of the Bible.

THROUGH PERSIA ON A SIDE SADDLE. By Ella C. Sykes. 16s. (A. D. Innes and Co.)

There is a refreshing frankness in Miss Sykes' account of her travels in the Land of the Lion and the Sun. She has a vein

of sarcasm, which, combined with a glowing enthusiasm, gives a racy tone to her language, and keeps the reader in good humour. She may be colloquial, even slangy, but she is always lively and entertaining, and as the first European woman to penetrate as far as Kerman and Persian Baluchistan she can give us impressions both novel and original. Miss Sykes may well congratulate herself upon her good luck. That her brother, Captain Molesworth Sykes, should have been invited by the Foreign Office to establish a new Persian consulate, and that he should have been able to make her his companion in journeying through a country which she had long ardently wished to see, made a particularly delightful combination of circumstances, and the writer rejoices so openly in her privilege that she secures our sympathy in her enjoyment. She has a happy knack of finding amusement wherever she turns. Muddy roads, mendacious servants, Persico-Parisian fashions of dress are all laughed over with an eager vivacity, which the dullest reader must find entertaining. The volume makes no pretensions to scientific value, but it is a brightly written record of what the writer regards as some of the brightest years in her life.

ST. BOTOLPH, ALDGATE. The Story of a City Parish. By the Rev. A. G. B. Atkinson, M.A. 5s. (Grant Richards.)

Such a book as this is a monument to the industry and enthusiasm of its author. Much of the material has, of course, been published before. The historian does not easily find fresh ground in the City of London. But the original matter, that is to say, the matter directly obtained by personal research from antiquarian records, bears witness to long and patient labour. Mr. Atkinson has unearthed curiosities of many kinds, quaint letters, records of amusing incidents, and narratives, which throw sidelights on interesting places of old London life. The phraseology in which certain bequests are testified is curious enough. We should like to quote a sentence, but, considering that there are barely three in a good-sized page, it is obviously impossible. Here is an extract from a Record Book, however: "Januarie 24. Margaret Russell . . . was buried the xxviiith day of Januarie, anno 1593 yeares lx, who before had beine tempted with an evell sperritt and nowe dyed of a thought (*sic*) as by the crouners quests was seposed." It must have been a ponderous "thought." Nowadays we take our meditations more lightly.

UNADDRESSED LETTERS. Edited by F. A. Swettenham. 6s. (Lane.)

We opened this book with keen expectations of pleasure. Mr. Swettenham has deserved that the attitude of those who have read his "Malay Sketches" should be friendly towards whatever else he may offer them in print. That first book contained delightful pictures of the East, with shrewd and practical philosophy learnt from actual dealings with varied human nature, charmingly expressed. In the present one he feigns to edit the papers, in epistolary form, of a dead friend. We wish someone had edited him in his turn. Letters that deal with scenery and sunsets, books and human characteristics, may be pronounced first-rate if written by anyone so near to us in friendship that we read between the lines and know the history of the sentiments. But for the praise of outsiders they must really be first-rate, either by their thought or their art. Mr. Swettenham's are agreeable. We feel sure he must be a very sympathetic talker. He loves the beauty of the world most sincerely, and describes it far better than most. His mind is cultivated and refined. But we feel for the lady whom in one of the letters he reproaches for not giving him definite answers. He is probably right in supposing she does not read him very carefully. His letters say nice things, pretty things, sensible things. But their art is in no way to be compared with that in the "Malay Sketches," and the thought in them is neither strong nor very suggestive. We would not have them unwritten, even unpublished. Pleasant things are rare enough. Only, Mr. Swettenham has attempted one of the most difficult things in literature, and attempted it with too light-hearted a trust in a facile pen.

UNCUT STONES. By Herbert Bell. 2s. 6d. net. (Redway.)

The writer of these verses must have had a feeling of dissatisfaction in his mind when he gave them their title. A reader will be sympathetically conscious of a lack, and will call the verses uncut or uncooked, according to his temper. There is something very chilly about their talk of elementals, and spirits, and clouds, and souls. They were made in a region outside ours, evidently, and they have not been warmed by our sun. Mr. Bell does not write nonsense; but he is a kind of a minor Shelley without the fire, and that is not a very enlivening or comforting thing to be.

PERSEPHONE; AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Camp Tarelli. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Tarelli's chief distinction as a writer of verse lies in his experimental habit. He writes fairly successful hexameters, makes ballades and rondeaux redoublés, and triolets, and sestinas, with considerable skill, and composes as well passable sonnets and pieces in various irregular metres. He has a pretty talent for the description of nature, and his rhetoric—seen best in the title-poem—is sonorous and not empty of meaning. Thought is not his strong point; but borrowed sentiments, or rather those common to all verse-writers, he has the skill to express agreeably.

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE. By Timothy Holmes. Masters of Medicine. 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

This biography of an eminent surgeon makes us begin to doubt the wisdom or the usefulness of this series. True, the volume on John Hunter was worth reading; that on Stokes contained some good stories and a clear portrait of a bright personality; and we still look forward to Professor McKendrick's work on Helmholtz because the subject is exceptionally interesting and the writer exceptionally able. But the book under our notice can satisfy no one. For members of the profession it is not half technical enough, being a very scanty record of Brodie's life-work. Even outsiders could have borne with a clearer and fuller account of what Brodie did for the relief of the human body. And though much is said about his interest in literature and art, and about his social talents, there is not a fact recorded that convinces us he had any views or any talents outside his immediate work. His opinions on various general matters are quoted; and these are invariably trite and worthless. The explanation is not to be found in Sir Benjamin's dulness. He was not dull. But material was evidently lacking for the fulfilment of Mr. Holmes' task in a way to please professional or any other kind of readers.

REX REGUM: A Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ from the time of the Apostles to the present day. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A. 6s. (George Bell and Sons.)

Dean Farrar, in his "Life of Christ as represented in Art," maintains that "whatever may be written to the contrary, it is absolutely certain that the world and the Church have lost for ever all vestige of trustworthy tradition concerning the aspect of Jesus on earth." It is the object of Sir Wyke Bayliss' essay to prove that this statement is indefensible, and that, on the contrary, the likeness of Christ, which is reproduced by all the great artists, is one and the same, and runs back to the original. This he seeks to prove, not by any legends attaching to early likenesses, but by the pictures themselves. To achieve his purpose it is necessary that he should appeal to the eye; and accordingly he reproduces a large number of portraits of our Lord, from Veronica's handkerchief to Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." This, apart altogether from the argument, lends considerable value to the book, and some readers, even although they recognise the weakness of the reasoning, may, on viewing these portraits thus brought together, be induced to believe that there is but one likeness of Christ in existence.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR AND THE WORKING CHURCH. By Washington Gladden, D.D., LL.D. (International Theological Library. T. and T. Clark.)

In recent years we have received perhaps superabundant advice from preachers of experience as to the composition of sermons. Probably the most effective element in preaching is spontaneity; and advice, however wise, may only check this. But in Dr. Gladden's excellent work, the whole field of pastoral and Church work is covered, and covered by a man of sense, sympathy, and experience. Such questions as necessarily arise in every pastorate, in connection with such matters as woman's work, the care of the young, the mid-week service, and a multitude of others, are wisely handled, and the soundest practical advice is given. Dr. Gladden's opinions are always well grounded, and the young pastor would do well to consider what he says about Sunday evening themes, homiletical acrobatics, sociology in the pulpit, attractive services, the need of study. In short, Dr. Gladden has produced a manual which is quite worthy to become the "Red Book" of the Church militant. It covers the whole field, it is wise and sober in its judgments, it is very pleasant to read, and its point of view is thoroughly Protestant and liberal.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ALCESTE.—Not at all bad for a first attempt. By all means go on. You have an eye for the picturesque, and a graceful knack in description. Don't be too flowery. Be as poetical as you please, and as you can, but don't let the poetry evaporate in adjectives.

ARNOLD.—The worst fault your verses have is that they are unmusical. You have considerable freedom, write correctly, and have some good ideas. I like the last best, but it has a familiar sound. The first two are poor. Are you a student of Browning?

CIGALE.—You have done just what I hoped, and very successfully. They show distinct improvement. No. 1 is very graceful. No. 2 will do as an imitation, but look at line 4. The most obvious meaning suggests that "she" sleeps with her eyes open. No. 3 is very interesting. I should like to see more of it. So far it is excellent. Yes, there is a difficulty, but the effort is worth making.

E. B.—I use your initials, as you send no pseudonym. Your verses are pleasing, and might find a place in magazines that only want a corner prettily filled. I am afraid they are not worth more. Do not work at these lyrics any more. All that work can do you have done. The sonnets you might improve. The first is a little mixed, and disconnected. The others have some pretty phrasing, but want concentration.

F. E. B.—Your Alpine story is very pretty, though it would be better without the apostrophes. That is the vein you should cultivate. The Scotch ones are not nearly so successful—that about the minister is full of inaccuracies, and has no special merit either of subject or treatment. The idea of the other is good, and might be used to much better purpose than you have done. You might keep it for a time and look at it again. The "minister" one you should quietly drop. You write correct and graceful English. I fancy you ought to write children's fairy tales nicely.

JESSAMINE.—A graceful little allegory, and worth working out a little further. Complete your picture of the "visitor," and let him haunt the pilgrim a little longer before he is recognised.

MONA DOUGLAS.—I am sorry I cannot speak very encouragingly of your work. You are still a long way from magazines and fees. Your English is far from good, and there is no brightness or interest in the story. The characters are unreal and the conversations stilted and unnatural. I am afraid you cannot do much with this novel. If you write more, try to describe things as you really see and hear them.

NIL DESPERANDUM (F. D.).—This, I think, was your former *nom de plume*. You send no other. I am sorry I cannot hold out much hope of your getting this "Trip" published. Its style is childish. The guide-book information is well known, and there is nothing unique in your experiences (unless it be the securing of the goodwill of a woman with a big box by giving her a "comforting leaflet"!), nor in your manner of relating them. I am afraid that, without great improvement, you will not be able to make writing anything but a recreation.

O. S. C.—Your work shows promise, and yet it is full of faults. Your English is very childish and often incorrect. Spanish villagers are not familiar with Sankey's Hymns in English. Your heroine's name is Italian rather than Spanish, and you use it in the masculine form. It ought to end in "a." But your subject is a striking one, and you have an eye for a dramatic situation. You should put this away and study hard for a year or two—read good authors and attend classes (if you are not at school)—then try again. You may do well some day.

SHROMEE.—You have some nice ideas and write good English, but you have not the gift of poetry. The first piece is only prose, and very jerky, wooden, and unmusical prose, cut into lengths. The others are dull, except the lullaby, which has a pretty phrase occasionally. Still there is no reason why you should not write verses if you find pleasure in it. Any good English Grammar Book will provide what you want for a beginning. Yes, he should ask permission if no arrangement was made at first.

SOPHIA.—Rather dull and commonplace. There is no reason why you should not go on if you enjoy it, and your style may improve. Try to put a little life into it.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

A. S.—Women of Sacred History, 3/6.....Skeffington
ANDREWS, S. J.—Christianity and Anti-Christianity in their Final Conflict, 9/-.....Putnam
HARRISON, Rev. A. R.—Christ and Our Own Time, Sermons, 2/6 Skeffington
JEAFFRESON, Rev. H. H.—The Holy Eucharist, Sermons, 2/6 Skeffington
LACEY, Rev. T. A.—Liturgical Interpolations (Alcuin Club Tracts III.), 2/-.....Longmans
WILLIAMS, T. R.—Belief and Life, Sermons, 3/6.....Marshall

FICTION.

Adventures of a French Sergeant—From 1805-1823, 6/- ..Hutchinson
ANDOM, R.—Martha and I, 3/6.....Jarrold
[*Scenes (of a farcical nature) from suburban life. Martha and he were evidently very goodnatured though rather foolish people. Their domestic blunderings are amusing, however, when they are not too improbable.*]
BERRY, G. I.—Iscah, a Tale for the Times, 3/6.....Banks
CARTER, Mrs. F. C.—A Life's Victory, 3/6.....Partridge
CHARLES, J. F.—A Statesman's Chance, 6/-.....Constable
CLARKE, C.—Sorely Tried, 2/6.....Digby
[*Tells how a man had to wait, right from the second chapter to the last, before his untoved wife died and he could marry his beautiful ward. It is a simple little story, easily read, and pleasant.*]
DAVIS, Lieut.-Col. N. N.—Jadoo, 6/-.....Downey
FORD, P. C.—The Story of an Untold Love, 6/-.....Constable
GALLON, T.—Dicky Monteith, 6/-.....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 167.]
GARVICE, C.—Just a Girl, 3/6.....Bowden
GILCHRIST, R. M.—Willowbrake, 6/-.....Methuen
GRIFFITH, G.—The Destined Maid, 6/-..... White
GRIFFITHS, Major A.—A Girl of Grit, 2/6.....Milne
[*A fairly good story of impersonations and thefts. The heroine does her part towards unravelling the knot.*]
HAWKINS, B.—New Wine; New Bottles, 6/-.....Digby
[*A confused and confusing story, told with a smartness of manner which only occasionally lapses into absurdity.*]
HELLYER, M. M.—Idylls, 2/6.....Digby
[*A collection of graceful little allegories. Their style is juvenile but pretty.*]
HERON, E. and H.—Tammer's Duel, 2/6.....Pearson
HOLMES, E.—Life's Fitful Fever, 6/-.....Hurst & Blackett
HOPE, A.—Rupert of Hentzau, 6/-.....Arrowsmith
[*See p.* 160.]
JENKINSON, A. and E.—Fiona McIver, 6/-.....Hutchinson
MACILWAINE, H. C.—Dinkinbar, 6/-.....Constable
MALLING, M.—A Romance of the First Consul, translated by Anna Molboe, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 166.]
MORAN, J. J.—Stories of the Irish Rebellion, 1798, 1/-.....Moran
[*A collection of excellent short stories, chiefly of incidents of military life.*]
PENROSE, Mrs. H. H.—The Modern Gospel, 6/-.....Constable
[*See p.* 170.]
PRINCE, H. C.—At the Sign of the Silver Crescent, 6/- .....Gay
RUSSELL, H. P.—Cyril Westward, 5/- ..... Art and Book Co.
[*The story of a young Anglican clergyman, who eventually went over to Rome. The writer, once a vicar in the Church of England, offers this as his apologia for the step which he himself has taken.*]
SENGAVENT.—Katiebelle's Voyage, or Porte after Stormie Seas, 2/6 Marshall, Russell
SHIEL, M. P.—The Yellow Danger, 6/- .....Richards
SMITH, F. H.—Caleb West, Master Diver, 6/- ..... Constable
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